

















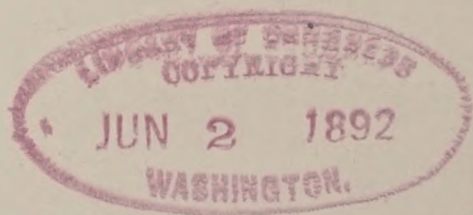








# A FAMILY MEMORIAL



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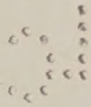
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“The longer on this earth we live  
And weigh the various qualities of men,  
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty  
Of plain devotedness to duty,  
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
But finding amplest recompense  
For Life's ungarlanded expense  
In work done squarely, and unwasted days.”





*My Dear Nephews and Nieces :*

IT has been my desire for many years to place in your hands this little record of our family history. If you had descended from family illustrious in war, or art, or statesmanship, you would be grateful for the effort I have made to tell you all I know of our family. But my reason for making this record is not to gratify pride or vanity, but to awaken gratitude to God that He permitted us to descend from God-fearing, virtuous ancestry ; that in the highest and best sense we are of “ good blood.” My own dear father used to say with tearful eyes :

“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

The generation to which you belong has opportunities for education and culture far beyond anything enjoyed by your ancestors. But opportunity is only one element of success in the upbuilding of family character. Would we be worthy of our ancestors we must be lovers of “ what-



soever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." "And the God of Peace shall be with you."

That our grandfather's prayers for his children's children may be abundantly answered in you all is the earnest wish and prayer of your

AUNT ELLEN.

Glens Falls, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1888.





## REV. MATTHEW HENDERSON.

**W**E are a family of Scotch descent, our three ancestors, Matthew Henderson, John Murdoch and James Gow, all being natives of Scotland. Of their ancestry nothing has been preserved.

Matthew Henderson was born in Glasgow, as his children supposed, and his classical education was obtained in Edinburg. He studied theology under the Rev. Alexander Moncrief, one of the first four Seceders, and was licensed at the early age of twenty-one. Two years afterwards, in the year 1758, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Perth and Dumferline, and was immediately sent across the Atlantic Ocean as a missionary to Pennsylvania. "He was the third permanent missionary sent by the Associate Church to the British Colonies. His acceptance of the appointment speaks highly in favor of his zeal and self-denial in the cause of Christ. He was willing for the work, and possessed the adventurous spirit which fitted him so peculiarly for a pioneer of the Gospel in the wilderness." (McKerrow's History of the Secession, pp. 259-274.) Mr. John Foster, an elder in the Associate



Church of New Perth (now Salem), N. Y., wrote Mr. Henderson in the year 1736 or 1737, urging him to come to America. His letter concluded with these words: "Such, indeed, who wish to roll in ease and seek great things for themselves cannot be expected to enter willingly into that part of the Lord's vineyard where the walls are much broken down, where there is much rubbish, and the strength of the bearers of burdens much decayed, and enemies upon them from different quarters, all of which will be found in our case. But to a man endued with a suitable measure of the spirit Nehemiah had, such service will be undertaken and labored in with some cheerfulness, although there should be many reports to discourage them from enemies, and Gashmus to back these reports." (Sketches and sermons by James P. Miller, of Argyle, N. Y.) Mr. Henderson's reply to this letter is lost, but the fact that he came to the struggling church in America shows the spirit of the man.

His first settlement was in Oxford, Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he labored twenty years. "During this time he, in common with his brethren, had to spend a great portion of his time away from home, traveling long, wearisome and dangerous journeys to supply the many places in different parts of the country which, at



every meeting of the Presbytery, were sending urgent calls for divine ordinances." Sometimes a minister traveled five hundred miles to administer the Lord's Supper to the southern churches in the Carolinas.

In the year 1779 Mr. Henderson received a call to the churches of Chartiers and Buffalo, Washington County, Pennsylvania. The churches were at the expense of removing his family, and the annual salary was "one hundred pounds hard money" or "four hundred bushels of wheat, in his option to take which suited him best." He removed west in the year 1782. On account of troubles with the Indians his family were left by the way, but joined him the next year. He was the first Associate minister, and for many years the only one, west of the Alleghany mountains.

Mr. Henderson was one of the three ministers who were present at the opening of Canonsburg Academy, afterward Jefferson College, and is thus spoken of in the history of Jefferson College: "In July, 1791, a meeting was called to see the Canonsburg Academy opened, the site of the institution having been agreed upon the day previous. Among them was the Rev. Matthew Henderson, a scotch Seceder clergyman, blessed with Scotch talents, Scotch education, Scotch theology, and Scotch



piety. His memory is still highly cherished as a worthy contemporary of McMillan and Smith." Mr. Henderson made the opening prayer. One of the two students of the Academy says: "I must say the broad, vernacular pronunciation of the Scotch tongue never could be more delightful or impressive than it was while everything proper to the occasion was remembered in prayer by this good man."

While in eastern Pennsylvania Mr. Henderson married a lady whose name was Mary Ferris, of Scotch descent. She was a woman worthy of her husband, and profoundly venerated by her children and grandchildren. She survived her husband many years, and found her home with her daughter, Eliza Murdoch, our honored grandmother. She was the mother of fourteen children, ten of whom lived to maturity. Matthew, the eldest son, and Ebenezer, the third, were ministers in the Associate Church; John and Robert were farmers, the latter was an elder in his father's church; Joseph, a physician of great promise, died early, unmarried; Mary married Mr. White, a farmer in her father's church. She lived to see her children of the fourth generation. Helen married Dr. Samuel Murdoch, of Washington, Pennsylvania; Ann married the Rev. Thomas Allison, of Mount Hope, Washington



County, Pennsylvania; Jane married James Clark, a farmer of Washington County, Pennsylvania; Eliza married Alexander Murdoch, Esq., of Washington, Pennsylvania. To quote further from the brief sketch of our great-grandfather from which I have already quoted: "The most of Mr. Henderson's children had large families. They are mostly, if not all, with the exception of Ebenezer's family, dispersed in the various regions of the west, (meaning the old west beyond the Alleghanies) though the larger part are in the regions of their father's labors. Very few have left so many children and children's children who have so generally done worthily and held such a respectable standing in civil and religious society."

In appearance Mr Henderson was of a swarthy complexion, an erect and majestic figure, and possessed of uncommon muscular force. His voice was remarkable for distinctness and power. He was famous as an outdoor preacher at the communion seasons, when the little church could not accommodate the great company that came from far and near to participate in the yearly holy feast.

Mr. Henderson met his death by the falling of a tree. His little daughter Eliza was with him at the time. His sons were felling the tree, and by some strange miscalcu-

lation the terrible calamity of their father's death passed before their eyes. He was buried in the graveyard adjoining his church. The following inscription is upon the stone that covers his remains :

“ In memory of the Rev. Matthew Henderson, who departed this life October 2, 1795, aged 60 years, and in the 37th of his ministry.

In heavenly toils, O, Henderson ! grown grey,  
Thy earthly frame was hastening to decay.  
Thy growing languor threatened to detain  
Thee from thy loved employment, but in vain ;  
For in thy course no Sabbath failed to attest  
The love of souls that burned within thy breast.  
Till by one transient stroke that gave release,  
Thy Savior bade thee enter into peace.  
Great and most happy change from battered dust  
Into the glorious mansions of the just.  
Let us prepare to measure that bright road,  
The best of all our friends is there—our God.”



## JOHN MURDOCH.

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Our great-grandfather, John Murdoch, was a Scotchman of Highland descent, who emigrated to America from the Isle of Bute. The family record was lost, and as all the original family have passed away we have no means of learning the date of his birth or the year of his emigration. His wife, Sarah Brice, was a native of Ireland. She was a woman of great energy of character, and for a long period conducted her husband's business as a merchant, he being a confirmed invalid. They resided in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Her son Alexander often spoke of his riding behind his mother on horseback when she went to Philadelphia to purchase the goods for the store. We find evidence of her industry and fine taste, in curtains in our possession, the linen of which was spun and woven by her own hands. The embroidery, in the quaint, conventional figures such as graced the samplers of her day, was exquisitely executed. Did she look forward to admiring great-great-granddaughters, who would never see a domestic spinning-wheel, when she traced with her



needle "S. M. 1756" underneath the embroidered figure of her wheel? They were married in Wilmington, Delaware. Their four children were born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In 1782 they removed to Washington County, Pennsylvania. The only incident of their emigration that has come down to us is that Mr. Murdoch preceded his family and built a house on his farm. He returned to Carlisle for his family, but on their arrival to take possession of the house they found it dismantled; floors, doors and window-sash all gone. Mrs. Murdoch was a brave woman, but we are not surprised to learn that she gave way to tears in her great disappointment and heavy loss; for we must remember that in those days nails, glass, and most of the necessities of life were brought over the Alleghany mountains on the narrow trails, by pack-horses and mules.

John, the eldest son, was a surveyor. He went to Texas in the employ of the government. He never married. He died in Louisiana. Samuel, the second son, was a graduate of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He studied for the ministry in the Associate Church, but, in consequence of a poor voice for public speaking, afterward studied medicine, and became a leading physician in Washington, Pennsylvania. His first



wife was Helen Henderson, daughter of Rev. Matthew Henderson. She died early, leaving one daughter, Helen, who became the wife of Dr. Joseph Templeton, of Washington, Pennsylvania. His second wife, Ellen Scroggs, was a woman of exceedingly lovely character, whose name, Ellen, is borne by the writer of this record. She was the mother of one son, John S. Murdoch, whose early death, just after finishing his medical studies at Philadelphia, was the great sorrow of all the family. He was our mother's best-beloved cousin, and the attached friend of our father.

Alexander, the third son, our grandfather, was a merchant, but for eleven years held the office of Prothonotary of Washington County. Though not a man of liberal education he was a trustee of Washington College, and a man of fine taste and generous ideas. His well-worn library of the best literary and religious works of his day in the English language, gives evidence of his taste and culture. He was fond of building ; two of the best houses in town were erected by him. One of them, the Fulton House, still stands. Its fine architectural proportions and elegant finish still awaken admiration.

The chief excellence of our grandfather was his character as a Christian gentleman, refined, courteous and kind :



a man aptly described by the Psalmist as one who "swearth to his own hurt and changeth not." A friend and neighbor, taking advantage of his wealth and generosity, asked his name as security to his paper. By consenting to oblige his friend he lost the greater part of his wealth. The circumstances under which the security was obtained were so dishonorable to his friend that many of grandfather's friends urged him to repudiate the debt by taking advantage of a legal technicality. Grandfather scorned the suggestion, replying: "I did not expect to pay this debt, but having put my hand to a friend's paper I take the responsibility." This transaction changed the history of the family. They were obliged to sell their beautiful home in town at a great sacrifice, as it was a time of great financial depression, and remove to the Morganza Farm, where for many years the energy of the family was directed to the payment of the heavy debt; but no words of regret or reproach ever fell from the lips of grandfather or grandmother.

Their loyalty to each other and to duty made their adversity as graceful as their former prosperity. Grandmother was Eliza Henderson, daughter of Rev. Matthew Henderson, a woman of stately presence, fine address, and



strong character. She resembled her father in appearance and character; a woman equally fitted to adorn society or to take upon her life's lowliest duties.

Grandfather died Aug. 1st, 1837, aged 66 years.

Grandmother survived him twenty-seven years, dying March 26, 1864, aged 81.

They were the parents of eleven children, seven of whom lived to maturity.

John R., of Parkersburgh, Virginia;

Mary Ferris, married to John L. Gow;

Sarah Brice, married to Joseph B. Musser;

Elizabeth, married to Thomas McK. Wilson;

Esther Ann, unmarried;

Alexander, for many years junior member of the law firm of "Gow & Murdoch";

James Clark, who died in California, leaving no children.

Esther Murdoch, the only daughter of John Murdoch, grandfather's sister, married John Haggarty of Washington, Pennsylvania. She died early, leaving two children, John and Samuel. John lived many years in the family of his uncle Alexander. He resided in Cincinnati, and was for years engaged in steamboating, whence came his

title "Captain." Fifty years after he left his uncle's house, in leaving legacies to his beloved cousin Mary Gow and her children, he says: "I wish in this way to repay in part the kindness of my uncle and aunt Murdoch to me when a motherless boy." Captain Haggarty never married. His mortal remains lie in the beautiful cemetery of Spring Grove, near Cincinnati.

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## DEA. JAMES GOW.

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James Gow, our paternal grandfather, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in the year 1763. Of his ancestry we know nothing. The name, Gow, is a very common one in the Highlands, but we have no kindred of the name in this country save our grandfather's descendants.

Grandfather was left an orphan in early childhood. There were two older brothers and one sister of whose history we have no knowledge. At seven years of age he went to London and was apprenticed to his brothers, who were tailors. What the history of his childhood was we do not know, save that it was an unhappy one. "In after years, in recounting the mercies of God, he would speak with gratitude of God's watchfulness over the orphan boy, and of the way in which he had been delivered from the perils to which he had been exposed in his tender years."

When about seventeen years old, one Sabbath morning, he was sent by his brother to carry some work home to a customer. As he walked along he found himself among a crowd of people, going in the same direction toward a



chapel. Moved by curiosity he joined the throng, and soon found himself listening to Rowland Hill, the famous preacher of the day. As he listened the words of truth found a heart ready to receive them. It was God's hour for his soul, and from that day he dated the beginning of his Christian life.

In 1772 he emigrated to America, accompanied by his sister (Isabella Wallace), and her husband, also by Mr. John Loudon and his wife. As Mr. Loudon was also a tailor they concluded to settle in Boston together. In this connection let me speak more particularly of Mr. Loudon, the dear and life-long friend of grandfather Gow. Mr. Loudon had no children, but two of grandfather's sons were named for him (one died in infancy), his daughter Mary was named for Mrs. Loudon, and seven of grandfather's descendants bear his name. He was a man of ardent and devoted piety, and so full of charity that his own wants were scarcely taken into account when the necessities of others came to his notice. Our Father, who bore his name, often spoke of the tender blessing he pronounced upon him as he visited him for the last time before leaving home for the south. Father found him reading a devotional book; he gave Father the book with these words: "Now unto Him who is able to keep you



from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen." These words seemed consecrated to Father ever after. They were a favorite ending to Father's prayer at family worship.

For some reason grandfather became dissatisfied with Boston, and in the year 1793 removed to Hallowell, Maine, where he spent the remainder of his life. In the same year he married Lucy Gilman of Gilmanton, N. H., a woman of Puritan descent. She became the mother of six children, three of whom, died in infancy. The surviving children were: John Loudon (our Father), Pamela, who married Mr. William Robinson, and Mary, who never married. Our Father was eight years old when his mother died, but he remembered her very distinctly as a woman of vigorous mind and earnest piety, slowly wasting away with pulmonary consumption. The lines:

" Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head  
And breathe my life out sweetly there: "

are sacred to her memory as the last words she uttered before falling asleep in Jesus. My Father would frequently say to me: " Ellen you are like my mother ;" and the



faltering voice and tear-dimmed eye were a tribute to the mother who was scarcely more to his memory than a dream.

The mother's place was filled in the following year by Abigail Sayward, of Old York, Maine, a beloved friend of the first mother to whose love when dying, she commended her little children, so soon to be motherless. Three children were added to the family, Eliphalet, who died in 1838 leaving one child, Rev. George B. Gow, D. D., who subsequently became the husband of the writer of this sketch, Lucy, who married Rodney G. Lincoln and died in 1885, and Joseph, who died in 1861. The second mother was so wise and good that the unity of the family was perfectly preserved. She was the mother of them all in duty and affection, and the children loved each other as own brothers and sisters. Father often spoke of his step-mother with tender regard, and when his first daughter was born she was named Lucy Abigail, after the two mothers. In a letter, written a few years before his death, to his sister Lucy Lincoln, he said: "Lucy, do you know how much of a Christian your mother was? You know I was a little boy when first under her guardianship. Well, if there was a kind, forbearing, Christian woman in the world I believe it was your mother. She



was a mother to me in every sense of the word. In all her course with us as step-children I have only to say she was the kindest and best mother I can conceive of." She died in 1830.

Grandfather Gow was a plain, unlettered man, his life a quiet uneventful one, not remarkable for anything the world calls great or successful. But if true greatness consists in goodness, holiness, and fellowship with God, he was one of the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. Nearly fifty years have passed since he walked among men, and yet his name is never mentioned without peculiar reverence. He was one of the twelve corporate members of the Congregational church of Hallowell, and also one of the four who founded the Sabbath School connected with the church. In 1812 he was elected deacon, an office he held till death in 1842.

In the early years of his life he worked at his trade, but in the later he became a merchant. He was frugal and provident, lived in his own house, and gave his children the ordinary New England education in the public school and academy.

The most distinguishing characteristics of grandfather Gow were his fervent piety and power in prayer. His prayers were sought by the sick and sorrowful as of one



to whom God had given special grace in effectual prayer. Many years after his death the following lines were written on the occasion of an installation in the Hallowell church. They express the sentiment that lingered there concerning him.

“And can we not

To-night in life-like hues before us see  
Him who our Deacon was, our Christian friend,  
A man of stature small, but in the word of God  
A giant grown? A book of matchless worth  
Was ever by his side a bosom friend,  
And as he prays, in Scottish accents broad,  
He bears our spirits on devotion's wing  
From earthly scenes up to the mercy seat.  
Hark! how he pleads the precious promises;  
Pleads with a faith that will not be denied!  
These prayers have now become a song of praise—  
Triumphant praise swelling the song of Heaven.”

His prayers for his “children and children's children to the last generation,” made a profound impression on those who heard them. All his own children were professing Christians, and many of his numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren are his spiritual children. He often rose in the night to pray, but not only for his own; his heart reached out to all the world; the missionary cause, the enslaved, the Jew, “God's ancient covenant people,” were all remembered in his prayers with a fervency that gave witness to his profound sympathy for them.



Professor Shepherd of Bangor, paid the following tribute to his memory in an article originally published in the *Portland Mirror*. "In the last century two men came from the old country, not far apart, and settled side by side on the beautiful banks of the Kennebec. One of them brought with him the easy and liberal type of religion. The other was a man of strict and large faith, eminent for his spirit and power of prayer. Deacon Gow made the impression on all minds that he was prevalent as well as constant in prayer. For scores of years he made his doubting friend the special subject of his prayers, till at length he became assured that God had heard him in this particular, when as yet there were no signs looking to this result. He was often heard to express the confident belief that Mr. Merrick would become a Christian. And he did. And we owe it, we believe very much, to the prayers of his countryman that he is a fellow citizen with the saints and of the household of God."

In an article written for the *Congregationalist*, the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott speaks of Deacon Gow's cheerful religion and tender interest in the young. He took peculiar delight in recalling the impression made on his young mind by hearing him read the hymn:



“Children in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents hope, your parents joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.”

He was so consistent in his Christian character, that a young infidel is reported to have said: “If I had such a religion as Deacon Gow has, I would like it.”

Aunt Lucy Lincoln writing of grandfather, makes this emphatic statement: “He was a happy Christian.” Prof. Shepherd in speaking of him, when he came over from Bangor after his death, said in a prayer-meeting: “There was one admirable trait in Deacon Gow’s religion: that was his cheerfulness, and his constant reference to, and trust in, the promises of God, and his freedom from gloom and austerity.” In the same letter aunt Lucy adds: “I never but once heard my father express a doubt of his own salvation, and that was while he was suffering from a severe attack of sickness—for quite a while he was under a cloud and seemed sad. One day he went up stairs to lie down, as was his daily custom, but he came down sooner than usual, and when I asked him if he had slept, he said: ‘No,’ and added, ‘Lucy I do not think you would call me visionary, or apt to imagine things, but I have had a *vision*. I lay down feeling despondent, but looking up I saw what seemed the throne



of God, and a ray of light coming from it till it reached down and enveloped me. I can only describe it as transparent glory, and I saw Mary as plainly as I ever saw her in my life,' (she had died not long before). He said no more, neither did he ever refer to it again, but the beautiful, peaceful expression of his face I will never forget. His doubts were all dispelled and he continued tranquil in mind ever after."

Thirty years after his death one of his grandsons was traveling in western Iowa. As he gave his name to be registered at the country tavern, an old man came across the room and asked: "Are you any relation to Deacon Gow of Hallowell, Maine?" "I am his grandson," was the reply. "Then, said the old man I want to shake hands with you, for your grandfather was the best man I ever knew." Grandfather died in 1842, in the 79th year of his age. All the original family have passed away, and we doubt not that all have entered into the rest prepared for the children of God. I have taken great delight in preparing this little memorial of the grandparents, from whom in the providence of God it was our lot to descend.





RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOHN LOUDON AND

MARY MURDOCH GOW

BY

THEIR CHILDREN.

“For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: Could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time  
Sit side by side, full-summ’d in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individuality,  
But like each other ev’n as those who love.”



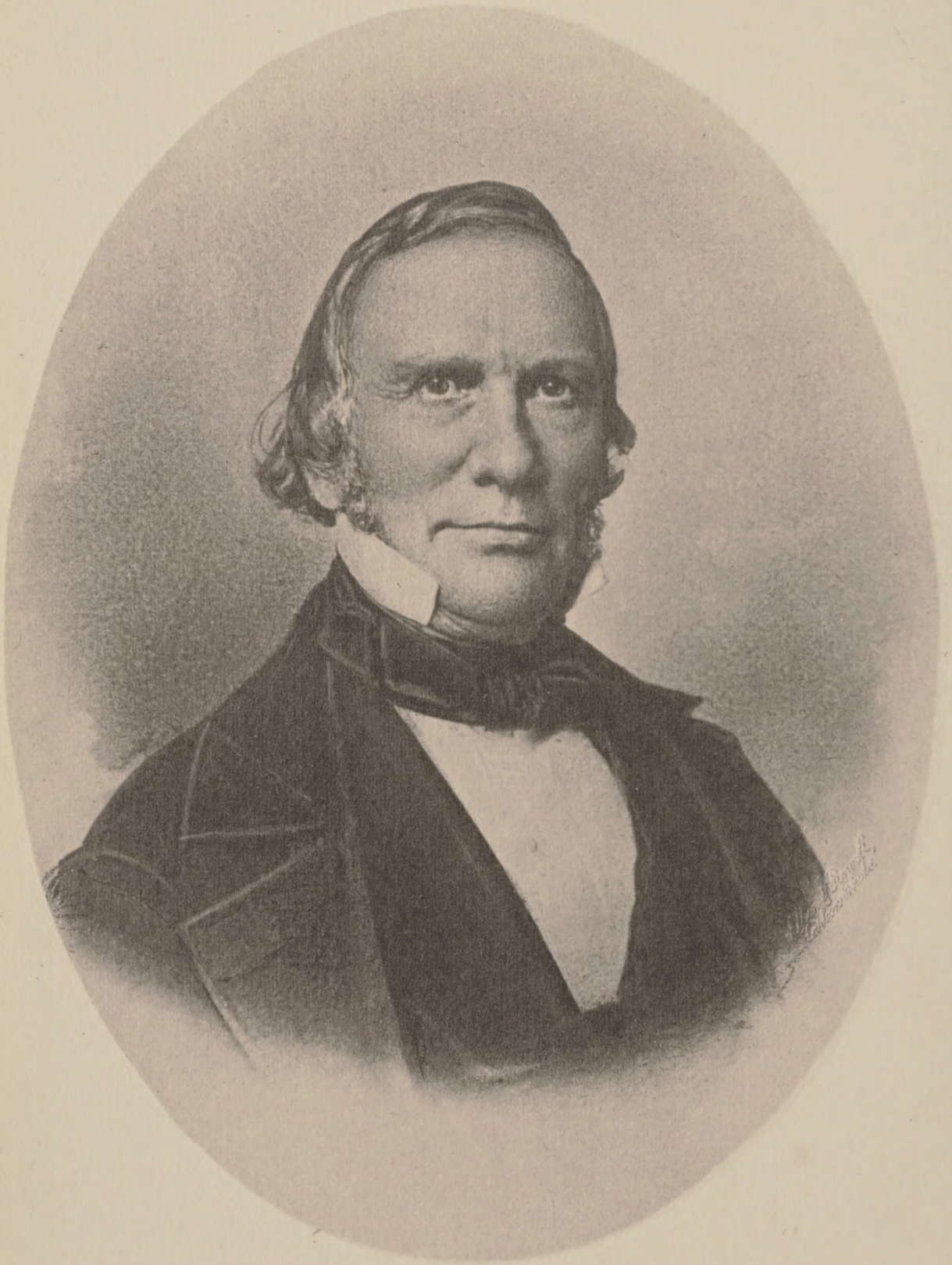




JOHN L. GOW, AT 20 YEARS.







JOHN LOUDON GOW.





MARY MURDOCH GOW.





“ The trifles of our daily lives,  
The common things scarce worth recall,  
Whereof no visible trace survives,  
These are the main-springs after all.”

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The following papers originated in a desire prompted by several motives. When I had gathered up all I could find of our family history previous to the time of our own Father and Mother, I found it very meagre in those details which would have interested us most. I longed to know something of the home life of our ancestors, their customs, and habits and ideas. But those who could have told us had made no record and their lips were closed in death. As I stood beside the coffin of my beloved Father and looked for the last time on his beautiful face, the sense of loss came over me, not only for myself, but for the younger children and the grandchildren, who could never know how much of worth passed from this world when he went from us. Mother alone has lived through the whole history of our family life.

This family life naturally divides itself into three distinct periods. The first, from 1827 till 1849, when Lucy was married shortly after moving into the second house.



In this house the "little girls" Annie and Virginia were born and Eliza died. Within a very few years Alex. and Jimmie went west, and Ellen began her life as a teacher at Oxford. Still there was a large family of young children at home, cotemporaries of the grandchildren in the west. The second period closed with Father's death, in 1866, when Loudon, Annie and Virginia, were still at their studies. Then came the years of Mother's widowhood, the marriages of the younger children of the family, the final breaking up of the old household, and the selling of the homestead. No child of the family could write the recollections of these sixty years, and so the suggestion occurred to sister Virginia, that each one should tell of the old life from his own standpoint, and thus we should get it all.

These papers have been written hurriedly by very busy people, some of whom are invalids, in the style that characterizes their ordinary correspondence, for no other eyes but those of our own family. If the grandchildren of the family shall care to read them, they may perhaps see in them some peculiar characteristics of their fathers and mothers, their aunts and uncles, that may be interesting to them.

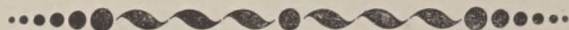
We shall never all meet again in this world. But we



shall all meet in spirit some day around our Mother's grave. It will be too late then to tell her the thoughts of our hearts concerning her, and so it has seemed to me, that as this labor of love has come under her own eye, we have, like one of old, broken our vases of precious ointment while their perfume could cheer and comfort the last days of our beloved Mother.

ELLEN.

Glens Falls, N. Y., October 21, 1889.



BY ALEXANDER MURDOCH GOW.\*

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“Happy he  
With such a mother ! faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him, and tho’ he trip and fall  
He shall not blind his soul with clay”

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For the sake of brevity I shall speak of Father first, giving my recollections and impressions of him, as I may be able, and then give to Mother the tribute of affection that is her due.

Ours was a religious home. It derived its sanctity from the fact that both our parents were professing Christians. Father was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Christianity as professed by his Scotch and Puritan ancestry. He had a strong aversion to Roman Catholicism as manifested in its church polity, viewing it as alike inimical to the principles of religious truth and civil liberty. He was well read in the history of the Reformation and a firm adherent to the Protestant faith. He was tolerant of differences of opinion in matters of faith between individuals, and thoroughly opposed to any assumption of power

\*Brother Alex. died Mar. 19, 1891.



by church or state to control the consciences of men.

He believed in "systematic benevolence" and gave liberally of his means for the support of the church and its enterprises, and to the claims of private charity. To this end he laid by "on the first day of the week" such a sum as he and Mother thought was their due, she acting as treasurer of the fund, disbursing it as occasion demanded. He was a pious man, and yet he had an instinctive aversion to any parade of his faith or his feelings. He had deep, abiding faith, and delicate and sensitive feeling, but they were too sincere and deep to be used in the way of display. There was no gush in his nature and no ostentation in his religious duties. His library contained much religious literature of value, to which he often directed the attention of his family. Twice a day the family were called together to engage in worship. He was a beautiful reader, and at such times we heard with systematic regularity the beautiful stories of the Bible. As interesting stories they made impressions on our childish minds and hearts that have been ineffaceable. Then they were matters of interest as stories, now, thank God, they are matters of faith. Father delighted in music and at the family worship led the praise. We all sang and each one was expected to have a hymn book and



to unite in the song. There were certain hymns that were Father's favorites ; these soon became impressed upon our memories, and have been a fund of religious knowledge and satisfaction ever since. We learned Watt's psalms and hymns, just as Mother committed to memory Rouse's version of the Psalms, by singing at family worship. Father always led in prayer, and it is the memory of his prayers that touches me now most deeply, as it was in hearing him, that I learned my duties to God and man. Father did little in the way of exhortation, but his life, his reading, and his prayers were a constant inspiration. Sometimes he would read the beautiful and inspiring prayers from the Episcopal prayer book, which he admired, and with which he was very familiar. This gave a variety to our worship, which at times was very impressive. Father was a very close observer of the Sabbath day. His New England training impressed this duty upon him, and he insisted upon his family following in the ways of his fathers. As the family grew up he relaxed the rigor of the rule, as, assisted by the piano, we all joined in to sing the old New England choral and fugue music which he loved so well. When Sabbath came every available member of the family was expected to attend public worship, always twice and often three



times a day. We no more thought of staying away from church than from the dinner table. In my early days each family had a pew with a hinged door and a fastening button to it. Father sat at the head of the pew and the rest were arranged to suit their convenience. Each child was expected to join in the singing, and all were expected to stand in prayer. It was sometimes a weariness to the flesh to stand for thirty minutes during the prayer of Dr. McConaughy, president of the college, and if I sometimes went to sleep standing, and my knees gave way and let me down to the annoyance of the head of the family, I do not feel like apologizing for it now. It was sometimes hard after attending Sunday School in the morning, to sit through the service of preaching without sometimes giving way to sleep, even though it was considered a religious duty to keep awake; and if perchance we should endeavor to take a peep into the Sunday School book to while away the time, and keep us from nodding or snoring, it was not considered an orthodox way of hearing the Gospel. As I review the past I find great pleasure in the contemplation of Father's Christian profession and life, for I never knew him to do anything in any way to reflect shame or dishonor upon it.

Father was a Christian gentleman of the highest type.



In manners he was always polite, though rather reserved. In dress he was extremely neat though never foppish. His hat was always brushed, his boots were always polished by his eldest son when he came to years of capability, and that was a job that admitted of no shirking. His hands were always neat and clean. Sometimes when his hand stuck to the knob of a door, he would say in rather a helpless and hopeless way : " Mary, I do wish those children would not put their hands on the door knobs after eating bread and molasses."

Father was a scholar ; he enjoyed the English classics and was well versed in current literature. He was familiar with Shakespeare and set so high an estimate on his writings as to say to me : " No person can be a gentleman who is not familiar with Shakespeare." " What shall I read ?" was the reply. " Read ' Henry the Eighth.' " That suggestion was a very happy one to me. I read as directed, and from the play went into the history of England and Scotland, and about all I know of history was the outcome of that suggestion. As a result of his reading he always used good, pure English. I never knew him to indulge in slang, and an impure word, or any kind of vulgarity, never escaped his lips. Professor Murray once spoke of him in a public address as one of the purest, cleanest



speakers he had ever met. He was often invited to make literary addresses to school societies and at Fourth of July celebrations, being recognized in the community as well adapted to that kind of literary labor.

As a lawyer he had a fair standing at the Bar. He became intensely and personally interested for his clients. He did not set great store upon money save as it served to keep us all in comfort. It was not the aim of his life to acquire wealth; whatever we had as a family, beyond a living, was more due to Mother's thrift and forethought than to Father's.

He valued his library and spent a good deal of money upon it. The ideal lawyer with him was a cultivated gentleman. He was too honest, had too much pride and self-respect to permit him to resort to the dubious methods of the pettifogger, either in obtaining business, or in securing pay. He had no audacity in his professional make-up either in court or out of it. One of my pleasant recollections of him was expressed in one of his letters. He said that possibly it would be agreeable to me to learn from himself something of the principles that actuated him professionally, and that he could say that, in the course of a long professional career, he had never "encouraged litigation, and never charged an exorbitant fee." I did not



know as to the largeness of the fees, but I did know repeatedly of his preventing litigation, and losing fees by advising in the interests of peace.

Father was a thoroughly domestic man. He enjoyed no place so much as his own home. He cherished his wife and loved his children. He was not effusive and boisterous in the demonstrations of his affection, or profuse in his expressions of regard. What he did was more than what he said. His enjoyments were all found at home. My earliest recollections are connected with the Fulton House which was at that time the private residence of grandfather Murdoch. After a time, at the suggestion of Mother, they bought the first home of the family, on credit, and went there to live. Father made the money, Mother saved it. The house was old and dilapidated, but by Mother's ingenuity and invention and Father's mechanical skill, the old house was put into habitable shape. We lived there fifteen years. Seven children were born in the "old house." Then was purchased from grandfather's estate the house known as the "old house" by the grandchildren of the family; a house built by grandfather Murdoch. The family occupied it forty-five years, until the breaking up of the old household. Sisters Annie and Virginia were born in the second home. Little by little, as I



recall it, new articles of use and taste were added to its furnishings. One of the most conspicuous and highly prized was the little old piano, with its rosewood veneering and brass inlaid work, its drawers and six, turned legs set on brass casters. How we did enjoy that instrument! The older children were sent to singing school to learn to read music, that our home concerts might be more attractive. We were not a destructive family, and therefore we preserved the little mementos of affection as household gods. I have now many of the coins and curiosities that Father encouraged me to collect when a little boy; and I have yet the little old walnut book-case in which my books and boyish treasures were kept. The book-case and the family highchair—in which the twelve children sat successively—are now a part of my family possessions, not valued for intrinsic worth, but highly prized as little inheritances that remind me of parents, home and heaven.

In order to promote the intelligence of the home, Father constantly added to the library a kind of books adapted to the growth and development of the children, such as the "Penny Magazine." Our "evenings at home" were consequently spent at the family fireside with pleasure and profit. The discipline of such a family was no easy task; on the whole it was equable and reasonable. It was never



assumed by our parents that their children, like the king, "could do no wrong." We never could hope that parental partiality would blind them and shield us. As a rule though, contrary to the principles of common law, we were expected to prove our innocence, and such ruling seldom appeared a hardship. As an illustration of Father's sense of duty, one lesson was impressed on my mind. Sauntering up the alley one day, curiosity or restlessness led me to climb the fence of a neighbor's lot where corn was growing. With boyish thoughtlessness I stripped off three roasting ears and carried them home and laid them in the kitchen window, not supposing I had done wrong to anybody. They came under Father's notice, and he inquired as to how they came there. I told him frankly, unconscious that I had committed an unneighborly trespass. He informed me that I should have to pay for the corn, and forthwith the cash box in which I had deposited my "cents" in anticipation of Christmas, or the missionary appeal, was opened, the contents were emptied into a little red stocking, and forthwith we called upon old Mr. O'Harra to repair a damage he was not conscious that he had received. I "acknowledged the corn," they estimated the loss, I paid it, and came away with a full pardon. It was a severe lesson



but a good one. Our garden lot was very rough, and it required a great deal of work to reclaim it and make it the thing of beauty that it afterwards became. Here I was taught to work by both Father and Mother who joined in the planting of trees and shrubbery and flowers, and aided, not only by suggestions and direction, but by their own labor, in beautifying the place. This investment of our labor made the old place very dear to us, for there was not a tree, or shrub, or garden bed that had not its pleasing and instructive association. Another home bond was made for us by encouraging the love of domestic animals and "pets." The horse, the cow, the pigeons, the squirrels, the opossums, the martins, were all objects of interest, curiosity and care. Excepting the horse and cow, there was not much profit in the whole output, and yet the human ideas fostered by the care of them and the sense of responsibility derived therefrom, were a very valuable training. Many a time have I risen from bed with a consciousness that I had done, or neglected to do, something affecting the comfort of some of the domestic animals that needed correction. Father had fine mechanical skill and taste which he utilized by having an outfit of tools. These he encouraged me to use, and the hen-coops and pigeon-houses all attested my tinker-



ing. To be sure I wasted a good deal of lumber and spoiled and wasted a good many tools, and yet it was no unimportant part of my education; and the valuable part of it then was that it gave me an interest in the home and kept me out of mischief, and was thus worth all it cost. Father was liberal in the encouragement of home amusements; we saw a great deal of children's society at our house. He furnished us dominoes, checkers and backgammon, but drew his line inexorably at playing cards. His argument was that "cards are the gambler's tools," and he was afraid of them and their associations. When asked by some gentlemen on a boat from Wheeling to Pittsburg, to play, he declined, giving to me his reason, that he would not do anything that might lead good people, seeing him, to associate him in their minds with gamblers. At an early day he sent Lucy and myself to dancing school. His object was that we might acquire ease and grace of movement in society. We never attended public dances or balls, but, as we never lacked music in the house, we had full freedom for its enjoyment at home. The last time I saw dancing in his house was on the occasion of our reception, when about two hundred of our friends called to welcome my bride and myself home. Some one asked him if it would be agreeable to have a dance.



“Certainly” he said, “there is the violin on the piano, and there is Mr. Rose the fiddler; go down to the office and enjoy it.” Some of the company went and all seemed to enjoy the innocent hilarity.

Among the happiest recollections of my life are those connected with my visits to grandmother’s at Morganza. I was the oldest grandchild and something of a pet, strong, athletic and foolhardy. I hunted and fished and rode at my own sweet will; but Father never was happy when any of the children were away.

In social life Father was somewhat reserved except to his particular, personal friends. He was not, and could not in the nature of things, be a politician in the popular sense of that term. He had too much real dignity, too much personal pride, to permit undue familiarity. Those who knew him best understood the true value of his friendship. As he never spent his evenings away from home there was a set of gentlemen who occasionally met in his office (which was in his dwelling house) to chat, to quote Shakespeare, Burns and Byron, and to crack jokes. There were R. H. Koontz, uncle Alex. Murdoch, Seth T. Hurd, O. B. McFadden, John Bausman, W. S. Moore, W. B. Rose and sometimes Judge Wm. McKennan. What a club that did make! What wit and jokes and fun! But



never a word that would make the most fastidious blush ever fell from their lips.

There was another class of men who became very much attached to Father because he always called on them for labor. "Old Potter," "Old Arnold," Mr. Dougherty—all Irish, or Scotch, Presbyterians. They carted his ashes, made his hay, dug his garden and trenches. Also Alex. Staub, the carpenter, and General Sherer, the builder. I took lessons from all these men. I must not forget Hughy Logan and Adam Beck who were his clients and special admirers.

He was always a power in the society of the *literati* of the town, comprising the ministers, the professors of the college, and such scholarly strangers as came to the place. He had great sympathy for strangers and easily won their confidence and friendship; but I remember that there was one exception, Prof. Suminsky, an exiled Pole. He was an accomplished man in language, music and painting, and was obliged to earn his bread by his teaching. Being a stranger in a strange land, Father pitied him and tried to win his confidence in order to lighten the burden of his life. One day Father invited him into the office and tried to engage him in conversation, but the Pole was reticent and unwilling to receive the courtesy



that Father was forcing upon him. When he went out I expostulated with Father for his efforts to entertain an unwilling auditor, when he turned to me and said with a good deal of feeling: "Do you know what it is to be an exile?" I said, not fully understanding the question, "No sir." "Well then you had better read." "What shall I read?" After a moment's hesitation he replied: "Read Byron's 'Two Foscari.'" I read it and never wondered why poor Suminsky died of delirium not long afterwards in the streets of Pittsburg.

Before Father was fully established in his profession he accepted the position of Professor in the English Department of the College. He was an enthusiastic teacher, and a great friend of general education. He was an ardent advocate of the common school system when it was introduced into Pennsylvania, and Washington County was one of the first that accepted it. He was the first "County Superintendent of Schools" in our county, and was a conscientious and efficient officer. He was for years a trustee of both Washington College and Washington Female Seminary.

He was a close student of our political history and hated slavery with intensity. He studied law in eastern Virginia and would have settled there had it not been for slavery.



I have heard him relate his observations of the "patriarchial system" forty years after their occurrence, and the recollection would bring tears to his eyes. After my marriage I was offered several places in the South which promised a good living. He was opposed to my going South to teach. As a conclusion to our final discussion of the subject he said: "No child of mine can settle in a slave state and receive my blessing." That settled the question; and I have never ceased to thank God for the wisdom of the decision.

In the Harrison and Tyler campaign of 1840 he participated in the public political discussions with great ardor, for he was a thorough Whig, and a great advocate of the "protective tariff." Subsequently, on the dissolution of the Whig party, he became an ardent Republican. Though an intense opponent of slavery and its extension, he could not see his way clear to join the Abolition party. His difficulty was not as to slavery, but as to the most practicable way of getting rid of it. In the summer of 1849 he was appointed to the Board of Visitors of West Point by President Taylor, on the solicitation of his friend, Hon. T. McK. McKennan.



## OUR MOTHER.

A woman who rears ten children, four of whom are boys, deserves a monument. Ours is just such a Mother ; and if we cannot rear a suitable monument of marble or brass to commemorate her worth, we can, at least, give a united testimony in her favor, that her descendants may be stimulated to emulate her virtues. She was a most devoted wife. Like Father, her worth was not to be estimated by her words. She was not effusive or demonstrative in the expression of her feelings, but her constant care, her unceasing watchfulness, her unwearied labor, amply demonstrated her devotion. There always seemed to be entire unanimity of feeling and opinion between Father and Mother in the management and government of the family. There were mutual deference and respect for each other. Mother assumed the management of the house and children, as a rule, without troubling Father. She was blessed with extraordinary health and vigor, and was thus able to carry all our burdens as well as her own. She was a thrifty housewife, planning, superintending and governing the household in all its departments. She was a good housekeeper who always subordinated show and parade to comfort and convenience. She was the last to retire at night and the first to rise in the morning. The



getting up in the morning was a habit she contracted by going to market before daylight, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Green grocers, provision stores, and meat markets were unknown to Washington in those days. We depended on the farmers and their wives for our supplies, and they could only come to town twice a week. Fresh meat could only be obtained twice a week. I almost, pretty nearly, but not entirely contracted the same habit by being routed out market mornings to carry home the provisions she purchased. By taste, disposition and habit she was a domestic woman. But she never neglected the claims of society or the church. With all her domesticity she was a good neighbor and faithful friend. She never failed in hospitality to strangers, calling upon them and entertaining them at her table. Although the cares of her own household were great, she could and did find time and opportunity to look after those individuals and families who needed her help. She was large-hearted and liberal in her efforts to help those who needed assistance. It was due to this disposition that we almost always had some one as a member of our household who needed the help she could thus afford. As a rule those who came into the family as domestics, both black and white, remained in service a long time, some of them for



years. Mother was kind to her servants and considerate of their welfare, and the result was a mutual confidence and respect. Of these there were some remarkable instances. Nettie—I never knew that she had any other name—was a little colored waif that strayed into her employ. She said she was a “very pinkstinkative nigger and didn’t ’sociate wid common niggers.” Still she was as unfortunate as her sisters and as frail. She left us and disappeared. After some time she appeared in the kitchen with her baby in her arms wanting a place. Mother said: “Oh Nettie! I don’t think I can take you again; what can I do with two babies in the house?” “Well, Mrs. Gow, what’ll I do with it? I can’t kill it.” That was what touched the mistress; and so she laid the case before Father, and after due argument it was concluded to try the poor girl again even with the encumbrance of her baby. In due time Nettie left and drifted out of sight. But years after—twenty, perhaps—a little stubby colored woman followed by several youngsters bigger than herself, presented herself to Mother in a friendly complimentary call. It was Nettie, who had married well and settled in a house of her own. She had come to thank Mother for her kindness in teaching her to be useful and respectable—a very valuable home mis-



sionary work. Thirty-five years after leaving our home a big, motherly, German-American woman, accompanied by a stalwart young man, her son, introduced herself as Catherine Koech and had come in a complimentary visit to thank Mother for her watchful care and instruction when she was her poor, ignorant servant girl. Of course there was mutual gratification in the visit.

For thirty years there never was a day that she did not have a baby in the house, and sometimes several of them. A little incident will illustrate the principles that governed her life. At an early period, when she had but one child, Father came into the house, and, missing the baby, said: "Where is the baby?" Mother replied that she had let her little servant girl take it down street. Father replied, "Mary, if you had some valuable jewelry, would you entrust it to Annie's keeping?" Mother took the kind reproof, put on her bonnet, and hastened to bring back the baby; and from that day a Gow baby was never entrusted to little servant girls.

On one occasion an excellent and public spirited lady called upon Mother to invite her to unite with others in establishing and conducting a "Maternal Aid Society." She kindly and respectfully declined. The reason she afterwards gave was this: "While the ladies were met



talking about it, I was at home doing it." In religious feeling, duty and responsibility she was entirely in sympathy with Father. She was born and bred a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and therefore she was, as Dr. Brownson expressed it, a "little Pauline in her views as to the relation of women in the churches." She was not given to talking her religion, but rather to living it.

We belonged to the old, orthodox school of medicine as well as theology. Nothing sugar-coated for us! Whiskey, Aloes, Peruvian Bark, Salts, Opium, Hiere Picra (I don't know that I have spelled that stuff right, but no matter, I can taste it now, though I haven't had a dose of it for half a century), Castor-Oil, Antimonial Wine and Phlebotomy were the fundamentals of our practice, not omitting Gamboge pills, almost as large as wild cherries and as bitter as quinine. The more nauseous the dose, the better the medicine. Mother's practice did not embrace all of the above. She commenced, when her children were ailing, with bathing the feet and putting them to bed, assisting nature with a dose of castor-oil or salts, as the case required. If that failed, as it sometimes did, the doctor was called and then the circus opened. Many a time by the doctor's direction have I held the youngster's nose in order to compel it to swallow his nauseous



prescriptions. Whether such a rumpus was good for an incipient fever I did not stop to inquire; he was the doctor, and his school would not tolerate any foolishness.

One hot summer day I came in complaining of headache, and was sent up to my room to bed. Shortly after Mother came up with a dose of castor-oil. Now headache was bad, but castor-oil—pah! the very idea made me shudder. Taking the cup, half full of the dreadful stuff, I rose upon my elbow and threw it out of the window. It was ungracious and impolite, but it settled the diagnosis of the case in her mind. She concluded very quickly that I was not very ill, and forthwith she ordered me down to the pavement below to scrub the oil off the stones. I went, and in that way, I guess it was, that dose of oil cured my ailment.

Until I was a young man I never came in late at night that I did not find her awake, waiting for my return, except on one memorable occasion. I was belated one night when I should not have been, and, knowing Mother's vigilance, I determined to slip in and go to my room without her knowledge. About three o'clock in the morning my room door opened and there she stood. All the remark she made was: "I've been waiting for you all night." An apology was in order next morning, accom-



panied with the promise that that performance should never be repeated, and it never was. I do not know which was hurt the most, but those words ring in my ears to this day—"I've been waiting for you all night."

Possibly it was to her self-denying watchfulness that I owe my escape from the danger of inebriety, by which so many of my college mates were ruined. It was Saturday night. I was at choir meeting, and it was cold and wintry, with deep snow. As I returned from escorting one of the ladies home I met some Canonsburg students, who had come over as a sleighing party. I went to the hotel with them and Mr. Sharp, the leader of our choir. For the sake of sociability mint-juleps were ordered. I did not know the nature of mint-juleps, but found they were very palatable. I noticed that Sharp, who was older and wiser than I, tasted his glass and quietly threw its contents under the table. This aroused my suspicions, but it was too late. I found I was becoming tipsy, and, soon separating from the company I sought the street, hoping that the fresh air would afford relief. I walked far down the middle of the street, but it was of no use. It was getting late, and I must go home even at the risk of meeting Mother, who, I hoped, had lain down with the baby. I went into her room to get the light that I expected



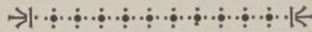
would be lit for me at her bedside. She was not yet in bed, but had gone to the cellar for slack-coal with which she expected me to cover the fire. She was at the foot of the stairs, I was at the top; but the moment she saw me, with a Mother's intuition she discovered my condition. I was put to bed. All the remark she made on the occasion was: "Shall I tell your Father of this?" I said: "No, I would rather you would not." Next morning I was worried how to go to breakfast. As I entered the room she was sitting at the head of the table as usual. Our eyes met, but nothing was said. During the day she asked me how the affair happened, and what company I was in. I told her frankly, giving her the assurance that such a thing should never occur again. She accepted the explanation and was satisfied. Her good sense and prudence made me resolve never to get into such a condition again, even by accident.

One little incident more, and my labor of love shall close. I was a young man twenty-four years of age. One evening I came in late, and, as usual, passed through Father's sleeping-room to get my light. Father made some bantering, humorous remark about my lateness, and asked me if I was engaged to that young lady at the Seminary whom I was courting very assiduously. I evaded



the remark, when he continued that he had about fallen in love with her, and if I did not take care he would cut me out himself. I felt much gratified that Miss Sybil St. John had made such an agreeable impression; which impression, I am glad to say, he always retained.

Fontanelle, Iowa, 1889.



BY LUCY ABIGAIL GOW CHARLTON.

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“Children’s children are the crown of old men:  
And the glory of children are their fathers.”

PROV. 17:6.

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Whether my text is one of those that seem to require an “ought to be” in it, or whether the exceptions, of which there are so many, prove the rule, I do not know, and, being among that class who are enjoined to “keep silence in the churches,” I am not called upon to expound the passage for others, and, for myself, I can accept either horn of the dilemma.

Looking back to the queer little town where I was born and lived until I married and struck out for the great west, I can remember many families which verify my text, and I can, I trust, be pardoned the egotism that makes me look back with pride to the fathers who, in our line of ancestry, were the “glory of their children.” Leaving those of the family who are nearer the sources of information to glory over the ancestral virtues of the Hendersons, the Murdochs and the Gows, I, who have drifted to California and must depend on my own mem-



ory, will have to speak, as far as possible from that source, of that branch of the family founded by our beloved Father, John L. Gow, and our very dear Mother, Mary Murdoch; founded in the days when men and women still believed God's words: "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward." "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man: so are the children of youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with their enemies in the gate." Early in their married life, they secured what every family should have if possible, a home of their own, and although the house was not as handsome as some of the surrounding homes, it was our own, and of the large garden in the rear, it might almost be said: "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden;" and there he put this modern Adam and Eve. One of the peculiarities of our old town was the combination of its homes and business places; thus making it practicable for a man to carry on his business and keep up acquaintance with his family. So, with our Father's law office in front and the garden where he spent many of his leisure hours in the rear, we children were well acquainted with our Father; an acquaintance to the renewal of which we all look forward.



“For love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved us here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.”

One of the blessings of our early home lay in the fact that, although we were more under the influence of the stern, old-time religion then we are to-day, Father and Mother were both singularly broad and liberal, both recognizing the fact of youthfulness; so that while we were brought up on the “Shorter Catechism,” we were allowed a great deal of Christian liberty, even to the extent of dancing, and in our delightful Sabbath song-service our Father actually used a “sinful fiddle.”

Out of this holy alliance came what in this degenerate age seems an immense number of “olive plants”—twelve. And I may certainly be pardoned in my old age, if I indulge myself in the God-implanted pleasure of reproducing the memories of the early years in the lives of these children. First came Alex., Mother’s pet, our Reuben, the “beginning of our strength.” Strong, healthy, vigorous and dilatory, needing and receiving the discipline which he needed to fit him in after years for the successful training of boys. Those were old-fashioned times when “correct thy son and he shall give thee rest, yea he shall be a delight to thy soul” was more intimately con-



nected with the rod, than in these days of moral suasion. It cannot be denied that Alex. and Lucy received more rod correction and discipline than the younger members of the family. Wasn't he grand when in his early days the care of Pacer, uncle Murdoch's horse, was given to him? And when the family increased so that Mr. Bristow's carriage could not hold us all, in our delightful visits to Morganza, wasn't he a fair Napoleon, as he rode on Pacer alongside the carriage? Don't I remember how I gloried in his learned ability to call his dog "Canis"? Dear Alex., will these blessed memories of our early days be among the "old things that have passed away" when "all things become new"?

Next came Lucy, Father's pet, though an awful trial to him on account of her want of neatness; he being immaculate in every respect and she—well! if you could have seen her dog-eared school books after she had used them for a session! Some one else will have to portray her virtues, since it is written:—"Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth."

(I have met many distinguished good women—I have met many brilliant women—but I never met a better, or more brilliant woman, than my dearly-beloved sister Lucy. Ed.)

At this point came our first "In Memoriam."

"I hold it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in diverse tones,  
That men may rise on stepping stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"But who shall so forecast the years  
And find in loss a gain to match,  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far off interest of tears?"

"I hold it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

And so here I must write of the wonderful power of the little grave, where, with "a lively hope of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," was laid the precious dust of the "first Eliza." And who, except the Father above can know the power of that little grave? She never was allowed to pass out of our minds because out of sight, but was always reckoned as one of ourselves. Heaven was brought to our very door; and who shall say that by this influence we were not made more heavenly?

"When the baby died,  
On every side



Swift Angels came in shining, singing bands,  
 And bore the little one with gentle hands  
 Into the sunshine of the spirit lands;  
 And Christ the Shepherd said,  
     ' Let them be led  
 In gardens nearest to the earth  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
     Laughs from the little ones may reach  
     Their ears, and teach  
 Them what, so blind with tears they never saw,  
 That of all life, all death, God's love is law.' ''

And so through this precious dust our sorrowing Father  
 and Mother and we children were brought nearer to each  
 other and nearer to the blessed Saviour, who said: " Suffer  
 the little children to come unto me."

How shall I write in the limited space allotted to me of  
 my beloved sister Ellen. In the words of King Lemuel,  
 "the prophecy that his mother taught him," by a pretty  
 conceit we used to find our birthday verses. I think our  
 Mother's is: "She is like the merchants' ships, she  
 bringeth her good from afar," laughingly made applicable  
 to her, by her habit of attending the early morning  
 market. Being far from the family record and not  
 knowing the date of Ellen's birth, I take the liberty of  
 ascribing to her all the virtues commencing with—" who  
 can find a virtuous woman? Her place is above rubies"—  
 and ending, " give her of the fruit of her hands, and let

her own works praise her in the gates." And who shall say me nay?

Next in order comes our studious brother, James, familiarly known as Jim, though called for one of the best of men, his grandfather Deacon James Gow, and inheriting, even in his early boyhood, so much grandfatherly gravity as to gain him the name of the Deacon.

Then came the beloved and loving sisters, Mary and the "second Eliza," who, though separated by the usual two years, were, by a pleasant conceit of the family, growing out of their nearness in age and their devotion to each other, called the twins. And here again the death angel claimed his own, and we were left sorrowing for ourselves and for the sister who seemed doubly bereft, though she could say:

"Dear one far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal;  
O loved the most, when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher;

"Known and unknown, human, divine:  
Sweet hand and lips and eye;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine."

Never shall I forget the impression made upon me then, a young mother, by our Father's reading over that beloved



body the fifteenth chapter of I Cor. : “ O death where is thy sting ! O grave where is thy victory ! ”—Death being swallowed up in Victory.

“ She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone into that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.”

We are pleased to feel that with the sacred name of our Father, John L. Gow, his mantle has fallen upon our beloved brother John, whose memorial I must leave to be rendered by those nearer to him, and consequently better acquainted with him ; I reserving the hope of a better acquaintance “ when this mortal shall have put on immortality.” This brings me to my darling Minnie ; kindly lent to me by our indulgent Mother, when I, having left the home-nest, was building one for myself. How I wish I could be near her, to revive the memories of those early days, when “ we took sweet counsel together.” Though separated by years, we were singularly near to each other in feeling ; I being very youthful, thank God, and she very mature. How her presence lightened my sojourn in Minnesota !

One of the happy remembrances of my early married life arose out of our blessed Mother’s unselfishness in permitting the younger children, my beloved Mary, John,

Minnie and Loudon, to be much with me in my new home, which was, fortunately, very near. Never shall I forget the trial which my marriage brought in compelling me to leave my precious Annie, who was then a baby in Mother's arms. I always held a high position in the family nursery, which, however, I had resigned before the birth of little Virginia, whose acquaintance I have yet to make. Having served so continuously in this capacity in my Mother's, my own, and my children's families, I think if there is a nursery in heaven, I may be eligible for a position therein. Thus I have furnished my portion of the family record. Am I chargeable with the folly of those whose inward thought is, that "their houses shall continue forever; and their dwelling places to all generations; who call their lands by their own names"; or have I, in writing of a very happy and blessed family, every member of which is looking forward to a glorious reunion, claimed our right to the latter clause of my text—"The glory of children are their fathers?"

Oakland, California, 1889.



BY ELLEN GOW.

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“Glad sight wherever new with old  
Is joined through some dear home-born tie;  
The life of all that we behold  
Depends upon that mystery.  
Vain is the glory of the sky,  
The beauty vain of field and grove,  
Unless while with admiring eye  
We gaze, we also learn to love.”

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It was very early impressed on my mind that, as a family, we were in many particulars very different from our neighbors. We were more industrious and more economical than our poorer neighbors, and better home-builders than our richer and more prosperous ones. By home-builders I mean there was a certain homogeneousness about us as a family that made us a remarkably united one. We loved the same things; we were amenable to the same ideas of duty, honor and religion. There was a clan feeling that made us rejoice together and suffer together more completely than any family I ever knew consisting of so many persons of so diverse temperaments. As years have passed and experience has widened I have

sought out the causes that made our family what we are.

The blending of good, New England, Puritan stock in the Gilmans of New Hampshire with the Scotch blood of grandfather Gow, made our Father a typical New England man—well educated, cultivated, reticent, domestic, ingenious with tools, musical, a natural teacher, and, withal, the power to become a self-made man. Mother came of almost pure, Scotch blood; a western Pennsylvanian, strong in body and mind, educated as far as the girls of her day were accustomed to be, industrious, tasteful, skilled in artistic needlework and drawing; a good housekeeper, fulfilling the Bible idea of the “virtuous woman” in all wifely, maternal and social duties. She was eleven years younger than father, and must have seemed very young to him, when at nineteen, she became his wife. He was at that time in very delicate health, threatened with consumption, the disease of which his mother died early in life. When he asked her in marriage her father said: “Mary, he will not live six months.” “Then I will marry him and nurse him,” was her reply. And she nursed him for forty years. The love of Father and Mother was a rarely perfect love. Mutual respect and perfect confidence were evident to every one who ever knew them for a day. They supplemented each other. Mother was stronger in



health and physical endurance, and it was her delight, so far as it was possible, to relieve her husband of all domestic care and family government, that he might excel in his profession, and do his work with the least strain and the greatest comfort. I do not suppose Father ever passed a day of his life free from pain or physical discomfort. Mother's financial ability was so good that Father always felt that the property accumulated was quite as much, if not more, due to her economy and good judgment, as to his own power to earn it.

After a few years of married life they always lived in their own house, so that we lived in but three houses during more than fifty years of our family history. It was at Mother's suggestion that both of the houses which we owned were bought and repaired. The house known to the grandchildren was built by grandfather Murdoch and was purchased from his estate. It had been used as a hotel after grandfather left it to live in the house now known as the Fulton House. When we went into the second house there was a family of nine children—the "first Eliza" having died in childhood—all still at home. We all gave our energies to make the new home. The back buildings were torn down and one new one erected. The garden was made, even to the very soil. All the



children worked upon it with their hands according to their ability, and soon the old hotel was transformed into a pleasant home. Annie and Virginia were born in the second house, and from it our dear little Eliza was called away when Virginia was only a few days old. John L. G. Charlton was born in this home. And so our home was made by the united love and industry of us all.

Dr. Brownson, our pastor, once asked Mother what was her system of family government. She replied: "I do not know that I have any system, I just try every day to do the best I know how." It is true there was no theory talked about very much, but there was a tremendous unconscious influence prevalent in the family government. Our consciences were trained; and our parents knew that their business was to make the soil for the truth, and to see that the good seed was sown in it. We were a peculiarly independent family; we never wished to lead or to follow. We loved and respected our equals, and to our social inferiors were as respectful as to our equals or superiors. We would have been reprov'd for any disrespect to our old washerwoman as quickly as for the same offence to any lady in the town. It was a surprise to some of Mother's friends that she always called her colored washerwoman "Mrs." Grayson. Mother replied



“I want to honor the marriage relation among the colored people.” But while we were thus taught to honor the despised and lowly, not one of the family had any taste for the company of the low and vicious. Once in my early childhood I saw Mother do something I never forgot. We were sitting at the front door, as was our custom, when suddenly a crowd of men and boys appeared on the street, surrounding a miserable young woman who was holding old “Bobby Bell,” the Scotch weaver, by the arm. They were both very drunk, and the laughable, shameful scene amused the coarse, boisterous crowd. The sight was distressing and shocking to any decent woman. In a moment Mother’s mind was made up. When the crowd reached our door, Mother walked to the middle of the street, took hold of the woman, who was much larger than herself, led her into the house and shut the door in the face of the jeering crowd. Never was a set of rowdies more astonished and foiled in their wicked designs. One of the fellows came into the house and claimed that the woman was his cousin, and pretended to be ashamed of the way in which she was disgracing the family. Mother replied: “I will see that your cousin is taken care of”; and, sending for a constable, she had her charge placed in safe custody for the night.

Father loved and revered his New England home, its



traditions and associations, with a peculiar tenderness, and so deep an impression did his New England ideas make upon his whole family that I have often said that we were a New England family "born out of our native land." When I went to Oxford to school and became acquainted with New England people on Ohio soil, and later when I became a teacher at Wellesley College and finally made my home in Massachusetts, I found out why we were a *peculiar* people in Western Pennsylvania. That strange, democratic, aristocratic mixture in us that has been so puzzling to everybody, and has occasioned us so much discipline in life, is easily explained when we study Father and Mother critically. They were both characterized by a self-respect that forbade intimacy with the low-minded and vulgar, and yet they respected the rights and privileges of everybody in the community, and were especially desirous that "all sorts and conditions of men" should rise to the highest point of prosperity and culture of which they were capable. In our social life and in our hospitality, the question was not so much what will be advantageous to us, but what can we do to make others happy, and what is due them from us. We observed the Scripture precept, "use hospitality without grudging."

We were brought up in an atmosphere of thought and



intellectual conversation. I cannot remember when we did not have book-cases stored with reference books and standard literature ; and it was Father's habit to send us to dictionaries and encyclopedias to find the answers to our own questions. He taught us to use books in the study of subjects, and yet I cannot remember anything he said about it, but I found when I went to Oxford, that with one exception I was the best read woman there. Father and Mother were both fond of reading aloud to us, and frequently, in the early days, the servant girl would join in the circle, with her sewing—we had no sewing machines in those days—and Mother or Alex. would read from Hannah More's "Tales and Allegories," or "Hogg's Tales," or "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." At one time it was one of the regular exercises on Sabbath afternoon to listen to Father read from "Hunter's Sacred Biography." Father would sometimes vary the form of family worship by reading from Scott's Bible, including in our devotions the "Practical Observations." We were encouraged to commit to memory fine poetry, and the constant singing of good hymns served the same purpose. As a family we never read doubtful literature, or even many strictly children's books. We all took to real, "grown-up" literature early. I remember one day, when



quite a young girl, that I was baking bread in the kitchen, and that, in the intervals of my work, my mind was occupied with one of Scott's novels. Father, passing through and seeing me thus employed, expressed much pleasure and approbation, saying: "Read all you can while you are young, before the cares of life press upon you."

I have said Father was a natural teacher. One day as we sat at table, the light was so refracted that there seemed to be a hole in his tea-cup. He called me to him and said: "Do you see that hole?" I said: "Yes Sir." "But there is no hole there," he replied. "So you see, Ellen, you must be careful how you take an oath as to what you see, for, may be, what you see is not there." The severest reproof Father ever gave me was on one occasion when I was "holding the candle" while he was tinkering at a refractory door lock. I had in my hand a scrap of paper on which was the poem "'Twas the night before Christmas," and I was so interested in my reading that I did not observe that my candle was of no use. He took the scrap out of my hand with vigor and advised me to attend to business.

Father and Mother were very fond of nature; they loved animals, they loved their garden, its fruits and flowers, the birds—the martins for which we had beautiful



houses made by Father's own hands—the humming birds that loved the honey-suckles and columbines, the yellow birds for which Mother planted sun-flowers, and the sparrows that came to the kitchen door for their daily crumbs. The children were allowed all sorts of pets, even opossums, lambs and foxes.

From our first home we had a lovely western view of hills and woods and sunsets. In moving across the street we lost it, greatly to our sorrow. Once I remember Father, Mother and myself were watching a sunset from the back porch. There came a wonderful scene in the sky, such a one as Wordsworth describes in the second book of the "Excursion." Father was so delighted with the landscape in blue and gold and fleecy cloud, painted on the sky, that he said: "I must go out and bring somebody else to see it." He went to the street, looked up and down hoping to see Dr. King, or some other congenial friend, but he returned saying: "I saw nobody but Tommy Good and I do not think he could see it." When, years after, my husband took me to the home of our fathers, and, standing on the hill where they were born, I looked out upon the lovely Kennebec valley, I realized how that river and valley and the hills on every side had remained in Father's memory as an



exquisitely grand and beautiful picture. Father visited his home three times, twice in connection with his appointment as visitor to West Point. The last time he was accompanied by Alex., and by Lucy and Mr. Charlton on their wedding tour. In those days (1849) of staging and canal-boats a journey to Maine was a great undertaking.

Father seldom went from home; but once a year he went to Supreme Court at Pittsburg. It was a six-hours' journey in a "stage," over roads that made a rheumatic man groan to think of, and yet the distance was only twenty-four miles. The coming home was a very joyous time. Everything in house and garden was put in finest order because "Father is coming home." Sometimes in our childish impatience we would go out to the road to meet the "stage," forgetting that Father would get home long before we could trudge back. Then would come the opening of the little trunk and the distributing of the annual presents to us all. "The Boy's Own Book" or a "Robinson Crusoe" for Alex.," "The Girl's Own Book" and some new music for Lucy, "Jane Taylor's Original Poems" and a silver thimble for Ellen—the famous little sewer of the family, or something for us all, a checker-board, a globe, a new set of Britannia ware for Mother, and once, the first picture we ever had—"The Little Bird



Catcher.” It hangs in sister Belle’s parlor to-day. The family stores were bought at the same time. A big four-horse, Conestoga wagon would drive to the door and deposit a box of wax candles for company occasions, a supply of codfish—we were the only family in town that ate codfish, one of our Yankee notions—a bag of unbrowned coffee berries, a barrel of brown sugar, a quantity of white sugar in conical loaves, wrapped in purple paper, the smell of which is in my mind to this day, a barrel of water crackers, a box of raisins for mince pies, and, what brought more delight than all else to the children, a great package of candy. Oh! how glad Father was to get home. I can see him now in memory as he put on his study gown and slippers and sat down in his arm-chair, with the baby in his arms, the rest of the admiring group standing around him, and hear him say: “Well! Mother, it is good to get home.”

Father was fond of giving us daughters pleasant surprises. When Lucy and I were little girls a new hymn-book was introduced into the church. He bought a quantity of common, leather-bound copies for use at family worship; but for his little daughters he bought beautiful morocco-bound ones, adorned and edged with gold. They were a source of great delight to us, and we felt very much



like ladies in having such fine books to sing out of at church.

Father lived to see only one daughter married. One day he said to Mother that probably he would not live to see his daughters married, but that he wanted to give each of them a set of silver spoons. He went to the bank, bought the silver, and his friend, Mr. Dougan, made five sets of spoons, and marked them with our initials. This was long before the days of plated ware, when a set of silver spoons cost just twice as much as the silver was worth as coin.

I do not remember that Father ever said anything to me personally in regard to secret prayer, but I shall never forget my feelings of awe and reverence as I once opened a door and found Father on his knees, engaged in secret prayer.

There are some recollections of our early days connected with our Mother's family that are very precious. Father was so far removed from his own family that their personal influence upon us as children was small; and yet there was a traditional influence through Father that was very strong. His constant correspondence with his family, as long as he lived, served to make us acquainted with them in some degree. But with Mother's family it was



different, as she always lived among her own people. When grandfather Murdoch lost his property, and was compelled to sell his most valuable residence and leave town, he purchased a farm from a family whose failing fortunes had compelled them to sell their beautiful estate, Morganza, so proudly called after their own name. The mansion house was a queer, old building, with two great rooms down stairs—a parlor and dining-room. The kitchen and other rooms necessary for the negro servants were separated from the house, after the old style of house-building in the days of slavery in Pennsylvania. When grandfather took possession the negro quarters were taken away, and the house was changed and adapted to free labor. Grandfather died so early in our family history that he is only dimly remembered by the three eldest children. To us grandmother was always the head of the family. The farm remained in the family about twenty years, and was the scene of many changes in the family history. Uncle John never lived on the farm, as very early in life he went to Parkersburg, Virginia, having married Miss Virginia Neal, of that place. Her memory is preserved in the family by the name Virginia. The other sons, Alexander and James, and our aunts, Sarah, Elizabeth and Esther Ann, comprised the family for many



years. It was a lovely farm of over four hundred acres, with hills and meadows, sugar camp and orchard, springs and running brooks. The Chartiers creek wound through it, in some places deep enough for fishing, and in others so shallow that we could cross it on stepping-stones. Here Alex. and Lucy and Ellen and Jimmie and Mary played till they knew the old farm "by heart." Every season brought its own pleasure. Harvesting, sugar-making, cider-making, butchering, all done in the old way, the tenants and neighbors helping, was very interesting to us. The cooking was a marvel; all done by the great open wood-fire, with andirons, back-log and fore-stick, cranes and pots, Dutch ovens and reflectors, tongs and poking-sticks. If we had not had a "Centennial," and with it a craze for antiquated furniture, my nephews and nieces would have no idea of the articles above enumerated. The perfect delight of that old farm, and the memory of all the dear people that lived there, brings tears to my eyes as I write. Grandmother and aunts and uncles were very kind to us, and made us very happy and contented. Stately Gran'ma, brilliant aunt Sarah, gentle aunt Libbie, patient aunt Annie, witty, genial uncle Alex., dashing uncle Jimmie, then later, sweet aunt Rebecca, uncle Alex.'s wife, and uncle Wilson, pleasant,



interesting, affectionate, with his great dome of a head full of ideas—— you are all part of our very being, the part of which the memory never fails.

Morganza was nine miles from Washington, on the road to Pittsburg. I do not remember when the turn-pike was built and the stage-line put on the road, but it must have been about the time Morganza came into grandfather's possession. But for years most of the family traveling and all the church going were done on horseback. Grandmother and all her daughters were riders. A fine side-saddle was part of each daughter's marriage "dowry." During grandfather's last illness, it was our Mother's custom on Saturday to ride out to Morganza with Jimmie, her baby, on her lap, and her toilet basket hanging on the horn of her saddle, make her visit, and then on Sabbath go to church, taking her baby, of course, and return home Sabbath evening accompanied by her uncle, Dr. Samuel Murdoch, who always worshipped at the Chartiers church previous to the erection of a Seceder church in Washington. Our aunts often carried us on their laps when riding; when we grew older we rode behind them, holding on to the waist of the rider. In the course of time there was a fine, large, family carriage that added greatly to our comfort and enjoyment.



Aunt Sarah was exceedingly fond of Jimmie—she always called him Deacon—and would have kept him at the farm all the time had not Jimmie been so very fond of his Mother. He was a very wise little fellow ; but for a long time could not talk plainly, so that Jimmie's sayings gave us perpetual amusement. One day as he espied aunt Sarah riding down street, he rushed into the house, saying: “ Mulla ! Mulla ! hay 'oo can't pale me ! ” which being interpreted, is “ Mother ! Mother ! say you can't spare me.”

Mother loved her family devotedly. All her brothers except uncle John, and all her sisters were at different times members of our household, for the purposes of education. Father was a son and brother of the family ; he loved them all and they loved him. In their troubles financial or otherwise, they found in Father and Mother unfailing friends. Uncle Alex. Murdoch studied law with Father and became his partner. He was a member of our household while studying and until his second marriage ; and until the firm was dissolved by Father's death he had a son's place in the intimate freedom of the house. We all loved him for his kind, genial ways, and his ready wit added pleasure to our household life.

All our aunts and uncles had large families, except



James, and Esther Ann, who never married. Their children are scattered far and near, through many states.

During the war Alex. Musser, Alex. Wilson and brother John, who were all the same age, enlisted. Alex. Wilson died in a hospital at Gettysburg; Alex. Musser was wounded, and for a long time was in a hospital in Washington City. Brother John served till the close of the war.

I have tried to reproduce our life in a few of its phases. It was a simple, primitive, natural life. We children were full of failings in temper and spirit; but if we have attained anything worth living for we owe unspeakable thanks to God for our parentage. When I think of our Mother's courage, fortitude and patience under all the circumstances of her life, I am filled with wonder and love. The work of house-keeping in Western Pennsylvania, under the old ways of house-building and heating, was simply dreadful. No daughter or daughter-in-law has ever borne such heavy burdens of domestic work in the care of her family and house as she. None of them ever lived in such inconvenient houses, or provided for so many children and guests and dependent friends.

Oh, dear Mother! I am glad you have lived to read these words from my pen. And if I have in any way—

as I often have—added to your burdens or care by any infirmity of temper or thoughtlessness of mind, I hope you never will think of it again without remembering that I regret it a thousand times more than you could.

Glens Falls, N. Y., 1888.





BY JAMES M. GOW.

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“His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

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Whether I have any earlier recollections of Father and Mother than when I was four years old I am not sure. We then lived in what we afterwards called the Oliver house. It was during the Harrison campaign. Father took a very lively interest in that struggle, as indeed he did in every national and state contest, until age and the coming on of younger men rendered his labors too fatiguing or unnecessary. There was a grand political meeting in Washington County during that campaign. There was a “barbecue”—two oxen roasted whole—in “Major’s Woods.” I remember Father, Mr. McKennan and others spoke upon the occasion. In every campaign from that time until about the year 1860 he was in constant requisition as a public speaker. Perhaps no one in our county did more work upon the stump than he. But I have no recollection that he ever took any part in political conventions as a delegate or otherwise. He



was only a political speaker. He was an ardent Whig. Once, when a teamster delivered a load of coal, while we lived in the Oliver house, Father went out to pay him, having in his hand a bank note. Some question arose as to whether it was worth its face ; Father took occasion to remark to David Clark—I think it was—that we never would have a good paper currency until we had a National Bank. This remark was accompanied by some uncomplimentary remarks concerning General Jackson, for whom as a statesman he had, judging from this remark, a very low opinion. His political idol was, I think, Daniel Webster ; but he was an enthusiastic supporter of Henry Clay in his American Policy, in which heresy he was an ardent believer. Not only was he a constant political speaker, but during the whole of his life, within my recollection, he was a constant contributor to the local papers upon political subjects. These contributions were usually of a serious and argumentative nature, but he employed satire and ridicule also, of which he was a master. His “Teddy O’Neil” papers, appearing at intervals for years in the “Reporter,” judging from the attention they excited and from the fact that they were read in Washington City and enjoyed by Members of Congress, must have had much merit.



Father's only political ambition, as far as ever I heard, was to be elected to Congress. I am sure that beyond his mastery of political questions and his ability as a speaker, he had not the very first qualification for a successful politician. And it affords me much gratification to know it. Not only was he a very constant writer on political questions, but his love of using his pen led him to write upon many topics of public interest. He seemed to be imbued with the belief that the Roman Catholic Church is hostile to American institutions and dangerous to the Republic. This belief manifested itself in many discussions with the few Catholics in our community, and in many contributions to our local papers upon various phases of that subject. Outside of educational subjects I do not remember that Father was a prominent man in town affairs. Probably he thought that there were plenty of others who had the taste and talent and the desire to manage municipal and county affairs, and that a man who had to look after a family of fourteen had his hands full.

Father's interest in education was intelligent and unflagging. I have met many men of middle age who were his pupils in the English department of the college, and it was a frequent remark with them that his was



the big end of the college, having much the largest number of students, and that he was emphatically the best teacher. From my earliest recollections he took an interest in the common schools, and probably no single person in our town did more to promote their advancement than he. But as far as I was concerned I have no reason to think he knew what I was doing in school or college. He rarely spoke on the subject. Once, while I was attending Bill Sharp's school, and was as perfectly worthless as a boy could be—but without the slightest sign of disapprobation on the part of Sharp—Father undertook to examine me in English grammar. He found me perfectly ignorant and seemed to be annoyed. Of course I laid the blame on Sharp, and that was the end of it. After that I have no recollection of his ever asking me a word about my school or my progress. I always thought it was strange, for I knew all the time that he was, in fact, interested in my advancement. Possibly he knew more than I suspected. Besides, from the time I came under Alex. until I left college, I never failed to stand somewhere near the top, which doubtless he knew.

Father, as it seemed to me, always overrated the advantages of a collegiate education. Very frequently he remarked to me, or in my hearing, that he had



suffered from this want, and occasionally compared his own career with that of others who, with such advantages, had amounted to but little in their public or private life. For several years during my college course he read Latin with me in the evening; and in this way I read and re-read many of the Latin authors, greatly to my benefit, although on Father's part it was done for his own advantage and pleasure, for he fancied that I read Latin better than he, in which fancy he was much mistaken. Very few graduates could compare with him as a Latin scholar. I wish he had read Shakespeare and the English classics with me in the same way. Father had a strong liking for uneducated persons who were socially beneath himself, but who possessed some decided traits of character that distinguished them from commonplace people, whether educated or not. I can not recollect what attached him to "Old Potter," unless it was the simple piety of the old man, but probably no one was ever buried in Washington over whose grave was pronounced a more eloquent, or more heartfelt, discourse than Father's over the poor old carter's grave. The "Quails," I think, stirred up the latent, Scotch clannishness in him, and I know he enjoyed their Scotch dialect, as he did that of many other Scotchmen in the county. David Lang was not only Scotch,



but he had been a seaman, and no doubt you remember how Father's love for the sea and for ships often cropped out. Do you remember with what delight he would listen to Bobby Bell, the old Scotch weaver, as he repeated Burn's poetry, while strolling through the town? Then there were Dougherty and Hughey Logan and Isaac Waltz, the old stuttering negro fence-maker, who had been General Neville's slave at the time of the "Whiskey Rebellion." Old Arnold and many others, with the exception of Bobby Bell, in the same humble rank of life, and Father were firm friends and mutual admirers. Father's fine mechanical skill led him to make the acquaintance of the mechanics of the town who showed superior ability in their trades, and very frequently he was consulted by them upon difficult matters with which they were called to deal, especially in applied mathematics. I think Father appeared to most persons as cold, unsympathetic and unsociable. I don't think it was possible for him to be sociable with a commonplace man, whatever might be his wealth, or his social position, or his education. It was only persons who had some strongly marked characteristics that could engage his interest. During my boyhood Father was a very busy man, as he had need to be with so large a family, and had but little time to come



in contact with his children except at the table ; and my pleasantest recollections are connected with him at that time, and in the evenings when he was freed from business. At these times his conversations were always delightful and profitable, and were most frequently on literary topics. I think he was never very well satisfied that I did not take to Shakespeare ; but until I became a man I could not read Shakespeare, and I never wished to impose upon him or myself. Father's best traits came out in his home life, when, relieved from the pressure of business, he came into the sitting-room or parlor in his slippers and study gown, and devoted himself to music, or conversation, or reading. I shall never forget a long evening spent with his family in discussing "Hiawatha," just after it appeared. He had little admiration for it. His remarks took a wide range, and going to the bookcase, he took down Aikins' "English Poets" and read from it. Among those which he read was Byron's "Vision of Judgment," which then I had never heard of. On another occasion, in discussing the subject of eloquence, he read Meg Merilie's denunciation of the Laird of Ellangowan in a way that brought out more than I had ever seen in it before. And so I can recall occasion after occasion when we received the



most valuable lectures, illustrated in the most charming way, and which do not remind me a bit of my college training.

I have frequently heard it said since leaving home that he was a very effective public speaker. I have no distinct personal recollection of him as a speaker. I have heard, and think it was so, that no man in our county, which had so many college professors, and so many persons of liberal education in it, was called upon to make addresses upon literary and educational and other subjects as he. In reference to his labors of this kind he once said to me laughingly, that he passed for the most highly educated man in the county. I have little doubt that he was one of the most highly educated men of his community, but he was far from thinking so.

Father was habitually one of the best-dressed men in the community, but was never overdressed. Except his modest gold chain, he never wore anything that would attract attention. He was severely plain. I never knew him to wear any garments but in plain colors. I have known him to go without his boots blacked, but it was only when one of his boys neglected part of his morning duty. In spite of a limp, occasioned by a broken leg in his boyhood, he was a graceful man, and had many



motions that were natural to him, that I can see now, but which, of course, are wholly indescribable. Do you remember Mr. Blaine saying to aunt Lucy Lincoln that Father could enter a room filled with company more gracefully than any other person he had ever seen? Father was delicate in all his tastes; almost fastidious in some of them. His love for perfumes was noticeable. Attar of Roses was his favorite. He was also very fond of the odor of celery. I think every drawer he had, even in the office, was redolent of some perfume. But he did not like the odor of the stable, as I knew to my sorrow. I have no recollection of Father ever being unjustly severe with me but once, and then he labored under a misapprehension. I can remember a good many times when he might have been severe without being unjust. I never saw Father lose his temper but once. He was starting a nail and struck his finger. There was a limestone lying near him, six inches thick, perhaps; as quick as a flash he struck it, shattering it to pieces, and then walked into the house to care for his finger. I have seen him provoked, disgusted or indignant, but I never saw him lose command of himself, unless it was at that time.

I knew nothing about Father's religious experiences. He never volunteered a word to me on the subject, nor



did he ever allude to the religious experience of myself. He once remarked to me, almost as briefly as I write it here, that if I was led to study for the ministry he would be satisfied. But while, as far as I was concerned, he was so very reticent, his example was almost perfect, and very possibly, words could have added nothing to the usefulness of it. I always had a profound respect for Father, and a great admiration for him. In short, Father had a most wonderful, quiet influence upon me, an influence that could not have been weightier for good had he been given to "good counsel," but might have been less weighty.

My first reco'lection of Mother was contemporaneous with my first recollection of Father, namely in the Harrison campaign. There was to be a great mass meeting in the town, and there were to be open houses, on the part of the Whigs, to feed the great multitude. Our back porch had a table built upon it the whole length, and dinner was served to all comers. In anticipation, Mother took me into her service and confidence, and I went with her to buy the necessary articles for the occasion. Among them I remember those big white-handled knives with which we became so familiar. Mother always entered into Father's political plans and sympathized with him in



his political views. She not only read the political news but the general news of the day, and was always prepared to discuss current events intelligently, and with the sound practical sense that was a remarkable feature of her character. Mother is to be judged more by what she might have been, than by what she was in her intellectual life. In her childhood the only schools for girls in western Pennsylvania were of the most elementary character. When she had outgrown these she was sent to Pittsburg to school, but, suffering from homesickness, grandmother most unwisely yielded to her persuasion and she returned home. It was grandfather's desire to send her to the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. She was thus almost entirely self-educated. Fortunately she had daily the educating influence of intercourse with Father, and she had inherited from her ancestors on both sides a strong literary taste, so that even the enormous cares of her busy life could not suppress her love of books, or destroy her habit of reading. These habits grew with her growth and strengthened with her years, and not only served to prevent her sinking into a life of drudgery, but served as an inspiration to her children, and now afford us some of the pleasantest recollections of home life.



Romance, history and the newspapers were, as I recollect, her chief reading, and of these history was her favorite. In history, that of England was of chief interest to her, although American and French history claimed her attention also. Ours was preeminently a reading family; and the encouragement and inspiration to read came as much from Mother as from Father, though for obvious reasons Father was more highly cultured in this respect than Mother. Had their advantages and early environments been the same, I doubt if there would have been much difference between them.

Mother was a very courageous woman both physically and morally, and, while I cannot speak assuredly, I think she surpassed her brothers and sisters in these respects. I have an impression that she inherited these qualities and her literary bent from her father. I never knew Mother to yield to a popular prejudice, or superstition, or suffer her children to do so. No amount of pressure ever succeeded in coercing her into any social ways, or church ways, or methods of living, that failed to commend themselves to her own judgment. Of course this independence not infrequently placed her children in positions that were somewhat embarrassing, but, supported by her strong will and strong sense, such embarrassments were speedily over-



come, and their educational influence was incalculable. What a magnificent army nurse Mother would have made! Her splendid business qualities and moral and physical courage would have made her a Mother Bickerdyke.

Mother's friendships were much like Father's. While our family had a distinct, church and social position, Mother, no more than Father, found her best friends either in her church—at least, not merely because they were in her church—or in her social circle. Like Father she was attracted more by character than by the accidents of birth, culture, education, church connection or anything else; and, as a consequence, her best friends came from all grades of society. I am sure there was no understanding between Father and Mother in this, but it grew out of peculiarities that were innate to both. I think Mother cared less for dress than Father, but her sense of form and color was good, and her notions of propriety in dress were correct. Her tastes were plain and simple.

Mother's life was a laborious one. Within my recollection, as a boy at home, Father was wholly devoted to his professional work, and Mother received little, if any, assistance from him in household matters. He may, in the years before I can recollect, have gone to market,



made garden, milked the cow, and taken part in house affairs, but in my time he was wholly relieved of all such cares. Mother, with the aid of the older children, for the most part had the exclusive and entire burden of the whole household. It is true that at intervals she had the assistance of a servant, but I can now only recall the names of three persons who served in that capacity. In looking back I cannot understand how she could possibly find the time to do the immense work which she did so well, and still less how she found time for the demands of society and self improvement.

Mother had executive ability of a very high order, otherwise she never could have fed and clothed, governed and controlled her large family with such success, for it must be remembered that she was absolutely head of the house. I never thought of asking Father's permission to go skating, fishing or riding. I never asked him to purchase me a school book without first speaking to Mother. He never purchased me a piece of clothing or any necessary article. Then, too, this large machine had to be run with a constant reference to economy, for Father did not live in the days of large fees, or in times like the present, when a client needs to employ a second lawyer to keep the first one



from robbing him. But Mother had the satisfaction, in carrying this heavy load, of feeling that the purse was in common, and Father had a perfect appreciation of her splendid ability. As he said to me: "I would break up every year if it were not for Mother." I am sure he was right. Had Mother been extravagant, or too much given to show in the use of money, I think Father would have erred in the same direction. Mother guided him in the spending of money. In my young days children and youth had but little pocket money. In our house Mother was the sole almoner. I have no recollection of ever receiving money from Father. Mother was very discreet, as I now know very well, in this matter. I have a recollection of very few times indeed, when, as I now think, she might have been more liberal, while I have a clear recollection of many times when, had she gratified me, I would certainly have misused the money. Many times I have been saved by the want of money from certain extravagances that I would have committed, against my own sense of propriety, but out of fear of the ridicule of "the boys," had I had money to spend freely. I have no recollection of ever being denied money, or any other indulgence, where it was necessary to maintain a respectable social position among



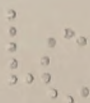
my companions. With our large family and comparatively straitened circumstances, this alone showed a great discretion on Mother's part.

Mother's energy can be compared only to a steam engine. It was very quiet but apparently tireless. Her physical powers were magnificent, but her mental powers as displayed in her ability to keep a household of so many members, with so many different interests, clothed, fed, washed, combed, dressed in the morning, schooled, put to bed at night, their social relations guarded and provided for, while for twenty-four years she had constantly a baby in her arms, inspire me with an admiration for her executive ability that I cannot express. No one without a genius for order, and a mind capable of grasping a multitude of little details, could have got through her week's work with so little confusion and with so little apparent effort. In my case, at least, Mother displayed more anxiety in regard to my progress at school than Father did. In our family was demonstrated one important principle in the moral and religious training of children, namely: that direct personal appeal is not the surest or best way by which to reach the conscience, or influence the conduct, of children; and my experience as a teacher confirmed this opinion. Father and Mother were alike in being



apparently indifferent to our moral and spiritual welfare if their interest were measured by direct and formal instruction and appeals. I have no recollection of Father or Mother ever having a formal conversation of that kind with me. Nor do I regret it. We were all of us too smart to miss the significance of daily worship, attendance on church service, a decent but not too strict observance of the Sabbath, and a constant example before us of a very consistent "Walk and Conversation." It is a matter that I enjoy remembering that there was no affectation, no pretense, no nonsense in their religious opinions or life. Their sense of humor was too keen in detecting and enjoying such foibles in others to permit them to fall into such ways themselves. The combination of vigilance and delicacy with which Mother watched over her boys, their outgoings and incomings, was very admirable. It was perfectly apparent that she intended to know where we had been when we came home at night, what we had been doing, and with whom we associated—and not only at night but at all times. But I have no recollection of her ever doing it in such a way as to assault my self-respect or annoy me.

Father and Mother, as I now see them, appear to my mind as remarkably different from each other in most respects,





while in a very few they were remarkably alike. They were the complements of each other. I am sure they instinctively felt this. Father stands out more distinctly to mind than Mother; his personal habits and peculiarities were more striking. But I lived much nearer to Mother than to Father. I never had a shade of fear of Father, nor was he in the slightest degree inapproachable, but he was never to any extent a confidant. It was different with Mother. I think there was not much that I thought, or did, as a boy that she did not know of, at least, pretty well. Of course, at times I look back and wish that in this or that respect my school or home education had been different, and fancy that it might have been better, but when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, and I reflect upon Father's and Mother's start in life, their large family involving so much care, expense and work, I feel that there is due from me nothing but admiration and gratitude to both of them. And I shall have reason to be very happy if we succeed with our two children as well as Father and Mother did with their dozen.

Greenfield, Iowa, 1888.





BY MARY MURDOCH GOW.

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“Accept this record of a life  
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,  
As a long day of blandest June  
In green field and in wood.”

“Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
And human passion change and fall;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With him surviveth all.”

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The task of writing recollections of our parents does not seem at first thought to be a very formidable one, but the longer I think of it the harder it seems. A hundred thoughts and incidents come thronging to my remembrance, but where to begin and how to arrange them so as to make the narrative interesting to others is the task to be performed. We have an old neighbor, a character worthy of the pen of Dickens, who has always been ambitious to shine in the literary world. For years he has been engaged in writing a “History of America from the Foundation of the World.” Now from the foundation of the world up to the year 1492 would not be a difficult task, but to write a sketch and do full justice to our



sainted Father, and to our gentle Mother who is still with us, is not an easy task for one who is not experienced in biographical writing.

There never was a family of children more highly blessed than we in our parents, patterns as they were of everything that is good and lovely; Father, a dignified gentleman, a devoted Christian, possessed of rare literary ability and culture, musical, affectionate and social in his disposition, loved and respected by all who knew him, kind to the poor and a helper to the widow and orphan; and Mother, one with him in all benevolent projects, continually devising some good thing for somebody.

Father did a great deal of work professionally without remuneration, such as settling up estates for poor widows and orphan children, or giving legal advice to the ignorant who needed it. One instance comes to my mind. A simple-minded, ignorant neighbor who had a wretched husband, was advised by Father to buy a property that was in the market. She was a milliner and was able to make payments in place of rent. Such a thought as buying property had never dawned on her mind. She laughed at the idea and thought she might as well try to buy the town. But he encouraged her



and it was successfully accomplished. She never could forget Father's kindness to her. During one of his very sick times she came in to see him. She could not talk to him, and he was too sick to talk to her, so she sat by his bedside a long time, the tears falling over her face—the only way she could express her love.

No one who entered our home, from the little children who came to play with the younger ones of the family, to the young lady and gentleman callers, or the more elderly people, escaped the kindly notice of our Father. I remember my feelings of pride when our parents would come into the parlor and add to the entertainment of our student callers. With such training and example we all naturally felt a responsibility in doing the honors of the house to all ages, and to each other's company. The same kindness was exhibited to domestics and all hired help. Mother's kindness to all children was marked. At one time she was the manager of an Industrial School, established at the time our railroads were in building, for the purpose of teaching the Irish girls to sew. Mrs. David Wilson and Mrs. Wm. Mathews were among her valuable coadjutors. The society originated with Mrs. Wilson, who immediately selected Mother for the manager. It was a very successful enterprise every way. Mother was



fond of such work. A little incident, illustrative of Mother's treatment of children, occurred one day when the ladies of the congregation were preparing for a festival in the basement of the church. Some little girls came in, bringing their donations. We all know how backward and shy children feel on going to such a place. The lady who received their baskets emptied them and returned them, saying: "Now go, children, run home." Mother saw the abashed look on the children's faces, so she said: "Wait, children"; then went and got them some cookies, and gave them to them with some kind words of assurance.

Father's love for music made one of the most delightful features of our home life. Whatever musical ability there was in the family was encouraged and cultivated. We all remember how at twilight he would take the baby on his lap and sing "Gaffer Grey" and "Come under my Pladdie." It was his habit on Sabbath afternoons to take down his violin and gather the children to sing hymns and anthems; on week days we sang the secular songs. There never was to me such music; I have never heard sweeter since. The remembrance of it even after so many years brings tears to my eyes. There were no remarkable singers among us, but our



voices blended very sweetly and it was a great enjoyment to Father. One Sabbath afternoon when he was confined to his bed, and not able to sing himself, he asked us to sing to him. While we were singing an old musical friend came in. We were not accustomed to Sabbath callers, but he was welcomed. As he entered the room the singing ceased and Father roused up as from sleep and said to the gentleman: "I thought I was in heaven." Can we ever forget our Sabbath morning "Welcome sweet day of rest," sung to the one sweet tune that belonged to it, each one taking his part and carrying it on? Then in the evening, "The day is past and gone," to its quaint old tune? We can never forget these sacred tunes. At our family reunion, held some years after Father's death, one Sabbath evening at worship the old hymn, "The day is past and gone," was suggested and the "tune raised." It was almost too much for us. Our oldest brother rose and left the room, overcome with emotion, leaving the rest of us to finish with very teary voices. Father's health began to break visibly the year before the war. From that year, until the old home was entirely broken up, I was the one that was always at home. The rest of the family came and went, but I remained to take care of



Father and Mother and the old home. It was a privilege and honor to minister to the comfort of such parents. Then the war came ; those years of thoughtful, prayerful, earnest living. They were anxious years to us. Brother John whom we all loved, was in the army, and for him we all had our daily fears. At home we had the pain of seeing Father fade away from us. We had the constant, though unspoken, fears that, as the different members of the family went away from home to teach or to school, before they would get back, or before John could come home from the army, Father would be taken away. But God has always been good to us as a family. When the end came we were all at home except those who were married and far away. But I would not convey the idea that those years were all sad. No, indeed ! Father's room, when he was confined there, was the centre of attraction to all of us ; and we had our gay times as well as our sorrowful ones. When we came home from any place, we hastened to Father's room to tell all the news, for we knew that he would be interested in everything that interested us. His loveliness of disposition showed itself more and more as he declined. His sufferings at times were very intense, but his loveliness and patience never left him. He often spoke of death, and the



resurrection was a theme on which he was very fond of talking. On his tombstone is the inscription, selected before he died: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," attesting his belief in that blessed doctrine. Once he said to Mother, knowing the end could not be far off: "Mother, don't let the house be sad and gloomy when I am gone; make it cheerful and happy on account of the boys." John and Loudon were still at home. There was no one in our house to witness Mother's untiring devotion to the care of Father but ourselves. No stranger ever ministered to his wants for an hour during his years of sickness. When the end came he died in Mother's arms. When he was gone the first words she said to us was: "He has clapped his hands in heaven."

There never was an event in our country which was of more interest to Father than the war. He always detested slavery, and to the last prayer he uttered, he prayed for the down-trodden and oppressed of our country. He once remarked at one of his delightful table talks: "Children, I shall not live to see the abolition of slavery in our country, but you will." He did live to see the day and rejoiced. But a day of sorrow soon followed. I shall never forget, when our martyred



President was struck down by the cowardly assassin, how Father wept, as we all did. For we had learned to love Mr. Lincoln as a brother. When Father was too ill to read himself, some one of the family would read the papers to him. He would have us read the headings so that he would get what he wanted without tiring the reader. When the war tale of "Little Benny" came out, I read it aloud to Father, and he wept, the tears running over his face. I never look at that story in my scrap-book, without seeing Father's tearful face. Loudon was studying law with Father during his sickness; he used to throw himself across the foot of the bed while Father would examine him in his studies, or discuss some matters of interest in the town or country.

There was one beautiful thing we girls remember of Father—his bearing towards his daughters. He loved us with all the affection of a Father, but, at the same time, treated us with all the dignity and respect which he would show to any lady of his acquaintance. He was very happy to have so many daughters to minister to him during his declining years. There was no foolish favoritism in the family; all were equally loved, sons and daughters. One thing personal to myself I must speak of. When I was two years old, I, with five others of the children, was



smitten with scarlet fever. The rest recovered, but I was left hard of hearing. Of course, during my childhood I did not know what a serious affliction it was. But as I grew older I became sensitive about my deafness. I cannot tell to anyone what I suffered from sensitiveness, and often mortification, on account of it. But Father and Mother were very wise in their treatment of me. They had me associate with children, go on the street and to school, to accustom me to strange sounds and voices. The care I must have been I can appreciate now. They left nothing undone to alleviate the trouble. The older brothers and sisters were thoughtful and anxious for me, as I learned when I became older. When I was about sixteen, Father heard of a fine aurist who had come to Pittsburg, and was doing wonderful things for the deaf and dumb. Father took me to him, and from my first treatment I improved. The doctor was at the "Monongehela House." We staid at the same house, to avoid exposure of my health. We staid for ten days. During the time Father took me to some place of interest every day. We walked the streets and, like country folks, we stopped and looked in at the shop windows. He took me to the theatre to see Home's "Douglas" played; then the next day we went to the book store and he bought me



the two volumes of the "English Drama" that have stood in the bookcase ever since, so that I might read the play.

Before the war, when the "Kansas troubles" were startling the country, Mother founded a society of about twenty-five young ladies of my age for the purpose of sending relief to the sufferers. I suppose that out of respect to Mother as the founder of the society, and much to my surprise, I was made president. That society did good work, and, when the war followed, the "Kansas Society" was merged into a "Soldiers' Aid Society." The meetings were held from house to house as the ladies of the town would invite us. The students met with us to wait on us home. It was a very pleasant society, and was kept up for three years until the college was broken up by the enlisting of the students. Three of the young men who met with us regularly were killed soon after they went out. Our house was a place of great activity during the war. Mother was recognized as having a great deal of executive ability, and was made county treasurer of an organization formed for the purpose of collecting and sending stores to our soldiers in camp and hospital. Mother was always at the meeting, advising and directing. Mrs. Wm. McKennan was



president, but she always asked Mother to present any new plan to be brought before the society, for she recognized the fact that Mother possessed the gift, which she lacked, of bringing women of different social standing into harmony in the work. Our house was a hive of industry. We were all knitters, thanks to Mother, who was so famous in the art that she could knit and read at the same time. In that way she read Scott's novels and much other reading. Among us we knit about fifty pairs of socks. A great deal of the work, dressing gowns, shirts, drawers, bandages and whatever else was needed, was prepared week by week by Mother, with our help, to be sewed at the society. No woman could have been better fitted for the position than she. She was uniformly kind and polite to every one. In those days one of the family had to be in constant readiness to wait on the door. Some days the knocker was going from morning till night. People from all parts of the county came bringing their stores. A strict account of money and stores had to be kept in writing for the society, and acknowledgments made weekly in the newspapers. Thousands of dollars worth went through her hands. Those who had husbands and fathers and sons and lovers and friends in the army, found sympathy and kindness from both Father and



Mother. As the war went on, many came dressed in mourning; and many a sad tale was told to our sympathizing Mother of the "fall in battle," or the "sickness in the hospital," or, most dreadful of all, the being "taken prisoner" of some loved one.

Mother is still spared to us. — Her life has been a very active one in caring for others. Although she raised a family of ten children still there was always room in her thought and endeavor for more than her own. I never knew her to do a selfish thing. She adorned every relation of life as daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend, and was true to all. She is now a sufferer; but her patience, unselfishness and cheerfulness are a lesson to us all.

In our family we were ruled more by example than by precept. When questions would arise in regard to the propriety of doing something, after we had come to maturity, Father would say: "You know my wishes—do as you please." It would have been hard to disregard the wishes of such a Father. I wish that every grandchild could have known Father and Mother personally, and could imitate them in their loveliness and goodness.

Washington, Pennsylvania, 1888.



BY JOHN LOUDON GOW.

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—“ In regal quiet deep,  
Lo, one new-waked from sleep !  
Behold, He standeth in the rock-hewn door !  
Thy children shall not die,—  
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by !  
He liveth !—they shall live forevermore.  
Peace ! lo, He lifts a priestly hand,  
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.”

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In jotting down the following, without any particular arrangement or method, it is a mere chance that I have commenced on All-Saints' Day ; and certainly there could be no more fitting time to address myself to such a purpose, and no subject more suitable for the day, than a talk about Father and Mother. To make my idea clearer, I would refer to the fact that, agreeably to the observances of the church, one day of the Christian year is set apart in special commemoration of the communion with the blessed departed in Paradise, as well as the communion with our Christian friends still on earth, each of whom is a part of the church militant and the church expectant, respectively. The day is also intended to emphasize that



article of the Apostle's Creed, which is recited in every service in the church, in which we say: "I believe in the communion of saints." The day is dear to the church because it teaches us, as Christians, to live nearer to our dead, and nearer to our living friends, to pray with them and for them, and to seek their prayers. And I am tempted to say further that it is a beautiful and edifying custom in the church, that upon this day is read, in connection with the usual communion service, the register of every soul that has entered the church by baptism and by confirmation, or who has departed in the faith and entered the gates of Paradise during the year. During this service this morning my thoughts were chiefly with my own—with Loudon as lately departed, with Father and the little ones of the family—all the dead and all the living. God grant that we may evermore live nearer to each other. The memories of our dead are blessed and should make us one. It is thus permitted that we may still share each other's love. Father and Loudon were men who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and the little ones who left us long ago were pure in heart and never knew sin.

Only yesterday I heard an humble tribute to Father's memory which is worthy of repetition. A poor, rough fellow was in my office and mentioned his knowledge



of Father to me, as people often do, and always to say some good thing of him. His chief merit in this man's eyes was that he was always so considerate of a poor man—"There was no one like him for that." "Why," said he, "many is the load of coal I have hauled to him from Ewing's bank, and I never had to wait a minute for my pay. As soon as the last shovel-full was put in the coal house there was my money waiting for me, and he wouldn't keep a poor man waiting for a cent." I told him that was true; that I well remembered his impressing upon me when I was a boy, that a laboring man ought never to be kept waiting for his money, but that he ought to have it as soon as the work was done, for his necessities might be very great. He used to say that he was brought up on that principle. Father had great consideration for poor people. I remember once when a beggar came into the office for some charity, and, after he had given him something, the question was suggested by some one whether he was a worthy subject for charity. In reply he said: "It is better to give to a great many who are unworthy than to refuse one who may need help. It would be a serious thing to turn away a man if he was hungry, and it is better to err on the safe side." Many of the people who



remember Father and speak kindly of him are the very humble ones; and I am sure that it is not every one who has passed away who would be spoken kindly of after a quarter of a century. And I am certain he would prefer to be remembered by the humble; for while by nature he was an aristocrat, no man had a truer Christian sympathy, or truer respect for the lowly. His friends and retainers came largely from that class. I do not remember the occasion, but I remember the impression made upon me when he quoted, from "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" the lines, "Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor"; and also, "The poor of his morsel, a morsel will give."

He had a warm side for unfortunate and broken people, and his sympathies drew them to him. I remember of Alex. telling me of an incident of a foreigner from Poland who had come to Washington. When there was some question raised, or criticism made, in regard to the man, Father replied: "My son, I hope you may never know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land." It is probable that his own experience, when he was a young man and had left his home in Maine to make his way in the world, had taught him how to treat a home-sick foreigner. Within a month or two I have heard another



story about Father from a colored man who is a very ardent admirer of our family, and who thinks that the old families of Washington can never be replaced, and that their history will never repeat itself in any people yet to come. The incident was characteristic of Father, and was told in an amusing way which will be lost in my telling of it. The occasion was a show of some kind with feats of juggling, ventriloquism and the like, in the court house, possibly fifty years ago. Along with other things, the showman placed his wife against the door, and, standing off some paces, proceeded to throw butcher knives so that they would stick in the door all around her head and arms and body, so as barely to miss her. As soon as the first knife was thrown Father rose up in the audience, and, moving rapidly forward, called out to the man, "Stop that! Stop that! Stop that, I tell you!" And, when the man stopped in his astonishment, he added: "Now we will have no more of that;" and it was stopped right there, and while doubtless the audience were disappointed, no doubt they were still better pleased with the excitement the episode furnished them. I think I can hear Father's voice, and see the flash of his eye, while he was limping towards that fellow and warning him to desist from a brutal and dangerous



exhibition. While Father had a great deal of spirit, and, I suspect, a very quick temper originally, I never remember his losing his dignity on a single occasion, or "speaking unadvisedly with his lips." I never remember his finding fault with me, although I often received reproof, and on several occasions deserved chastisement; and, knowing now the kind of a cub I must have been, it is amazing to me what patience and gentleness Father showed toward me. I never saw Father lose his self-control, and this is more remarkable as he was very quick spirited naturally.

This reminds me of the story of his teaching school near Fredericksburg, Virginia, when he was a very young man. He had witnessed some of the features peculiar to the institution of slavery—for instance the tying up of a slave woman by the thumbs, so that she could barely touch the ground, and flogging her as she hung, her screams being heard all night long—the punishment being caused by the jealousy of her mistress—as well as other things of a similar nature, until he had become thoroughly sick of his position and disgusted with his surroundings. These things intensified the natural hatred he had for human slavery. He was about to leave, but the man who employed him, who was



the man who flogged his hand-maiden on account of his wife's jealousy, would not pay him his wages. Whether he had the means to get away or not I do not know, but he naturally wanted what was due him, and I do not know whether it was ever paid or not. But when his patience had been exhausted, an altercation took place in the school room, when Father struck the man, and, jumping up on the benches to secure a better advantage, he gave the man a severe pummeling and came off victor in the encounter. It was easy to account for the horror that Father had of the institution of slavery, long before the consciences of people generally had been aroused on the subject; and also for his unwillingness to allow any child of his to go South, or live south of Mason and Dixon's line. When I was Prothonotary, I ran across the record of a case—I believe it was in 1824, about the time of his coming to Washington—in which he endeavored to secure the liberation of a slave, who was probably being carried through the town, on a writ of *habeas corpus*. I never learned anything further of the circumstances of the case.

Father was admitted to the bar while teaching school in Virginia, in the county of Spottsylvania, and was examined for admission in the Lacey House, which is on the



north branch of the Rappahannock, just below Fredericksburg. In the winter of 1862-3, when the army of the Potomac was encamped just opposite Fredericksburg, upon mentioning in a letter home that I had been doing picket duty at the Lacey House, he told me of his familiarity with it, and the surrounding country, within a short distance of which so many of the great battles were fought. I have preserved many of the letters written to me during this period by Father and Mother, and they are full of the most fervent patriotism and devout prayers for the safety and success of the Union cause. I have often been thankful that Father was permitted to live to see the close of the Rebellion and the end of human slavery in America. I think that in witnessing the events that prepared for the war, the Rebellion of the South, the vastness of the war and the millions engaged in carrying it on, the final success of the Government through the Union armies without the disruption or loss of a State, the overthrow of slavery, the humiliation and impoverishment of those who had united treason and disunion, he felt that he had lived in one of the most remarkable eras of the World. No doubt his prayer was like that of Simeon of old : " Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen



Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people," for he distinctly recognized the result as "the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes." The hand that saved us was, to him, the same that brought the people up out of Egypt and through the waters of the sea.

Few people of a later generation can realize the terrible anxieties that consumed the minds and the hearts of the people who, at home, were watching the slow progress and the varying fortunes of our armies in the field during the war of the Rebellion; and especially at those times when the fate of the Government seemed to be trembling in the balance, and when an accident or unforeseen event, either affecting our armies, or among the people of the North, might turn the scale. This was the case with all loyal people who remained at home, watching and waiting, and realizing the mighty issues involved. But it was especially so in Father's case, for his heart and soul were with the Government in its day of trial; and, although old age and infirmity were fast stealing over him, he gave his time, his money, and his best efforts, both by his pen and by public addresses at various points through the county, to encourage loyalty, support the soldiers in the field, and to discourage the treason that was heard on every side at home. The influence of venerable



and responsible men was very necessary to control the bitterness that was liable to break into violence and bloodshed upon the streets at any moment, and which in fact did so break out frequently with fatal effects. Great care was exercised continually to prevent such outbreaks, and as a rule people kept off the streets at night. Whether Father was a member of the Union League in Washington I do not know, but brother Loudon was a member, and he told me that they were well organized and had their muskets and ammunition ready for use if any outbreak required it. Those were trying years in Washington and Washington County. The fidelity of the loyal people of the country who constituted the "rear guard," saved the government and made the successful issue of the war possible.

The work that the loyal women did and their influence were also potent factors in the result. Mother's share in this work was a conspicuous one in Washington County, and the work she performed as treasurer and chief manager of the Soldiers' Aid Society of the county was simply amazing. In the great work of gathering in and disposing of the supplies sent to her, the keeping of accounts and the transaction of the business incident to the same, she showed an ability possessed by few women.



It must have taxed her strength and time to a great degree. When I returned from the army Father was almost worn out. His mental faculties were as bright as ever, and being accustomed to intellectual work, he wrote to the last, but his bodily powers were rapidly failing. Those last years were anxious ones, and owing to advancing age and to the fact that legal business had been largely suspended during the war, his income grew smaller than it had been in former years. While I know that he was often cramped for money, (and I often think of it with great satisfaction that I was able to help him out in this particular) yet the wonder to me is that his last days were so serene and so little disturbed by the cares that he necessarily had and sometimes spoke of.

His old age was beautiful, and the secret of it was his unworldly life. He was a singularly unworldly man, and, aside from his family, the world never had much hold upon him. It is impossible for me to think of Father without thinking of Mother, so perfectly were their lives blended. I can appreciate better now than I could when a boy, how entirely dependent he was upon her for his happiness. When Mother happened to be discharging some social duty in the neighborhood in the evening I well remember how utterly restless, weary and mis-



erable he was until her return, and how even the efforts of the girls to entertain him were insufficient to fill the void. It was a blessed thing that he had her to the last. Mother has given her life to us all, and has spent her prime in ministering to our wants in every way, with an unselfishness that I can better understand the older I grow. That she has not walked for many years past is owing to the fact that her feet have been worn out in our service. If ever a woman deserved the respect, admiration and love of her children it is Mother. I have for years and years thought of her as the realization of the perfect pattern of the woman of Scripture, and therefore it shall be my tribute to her:

“Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.



She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it ; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandize is good ; her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor ; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household ; for all her household are clothed in scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it ; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.



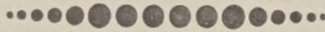
Her children arise up and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own work praise her in the gates.”

Washington, Pennsylvania, 1890.





BY PAMELIA GOW ACHESON.

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“ Then did the little Maid reply,  
‘ Seven boys and girls are we:  
Two of us in the church-yard lie  
Beneath the church-yard tree.’ ”

“ How many are you then ? ” said I,  
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”  
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,  
“ O Master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in heaven ! ”  
’Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

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We children recognized that Father and Mother were in perfect accord, and this I think, ought to account for the deep affection we had for them and for each other. It was a feeling understood—taken for granted—yet talked about so little, that we have sometimes wondered that the impression was so deep. One of the very pathetic things in our experience was the love we had for the little sister, who was safe in heaven, before the most of us were born. That little lone grave was the centre around which



our affections grew, and much later in the history of the family when another sister was taken from us, we talked of their meeting and loving each other, but they still were our very own. The old graveyard on the edge of the town was to all of us the most sacred spot, and to go and sit on the grass, and read over and over again the inscription and epitaph which our dear Father wrote was, as I remember, the most tender influence of my childhood.

“Precious Loan, reclaimed by heaven,  
Ours, yet only ours in trust.  
Here thy mortal part is given  
(Sin’s sad merit) ‘Dust to dust.’  
What tho’ filled with bitter tears,  
Faith directs the weeping eye,  
Thro’ an atoning Savior’s blood,  
To life and immortality.”

The older ones of the family helped to deepen this feeling in us little children, especially after the death of the second Eliza. One of the vivid recollections of that time is of our beloved sister Lucy, who always seemed to bear us on her heart, taking us younger children to visit the little graves—one of them so newly made—and the bond between us was strengthened anew as she read to us the last chapter of The Revelation. Without being demonstrative, Father always impressed me with his ten-



derness. I never heard him speak of these little sisters without a break in his voice and tears in his eyes. His influence with us was very gentle and peculiar. Of course I write of him as he appeared to the younger members of the family.

I do not remember Father's ever telling me to do or not to do anything. He would merely make a suggestion, and I never have had a stronger feeling than my desire to carry into practice any wish of his. I have no recollection of learning to read, and as I was quite a ready reader when Lucy was married—as I have special reason to remember—I must have had a pretty early start. I can see now that my reading was an entertainment and amusement to Father, though I never thought of such a thing then. It was always a gratification to me when Father asked me if I had read anything which was already familiar to me; and he must have had some plan in it. But one day as I was sitting in the office reading a paper, he said: "Of course you have read 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" and I said "No, sir." He stepped from the office to the sitting-room and called "Mother! Mother!" Mother came in and he said: "Can you believe it? this child who reads everything she can find, has not read 'Pilgrim's Progress'! Is she worth raising?" I rather doubted it,



but for a queer look out of Father's eye. In a few days he went to Supreme Court, and when he came home he brought me a little "Pilgrim's Progress," bound in black cloth, with astonishing wood cuts, and the date of presentation indicates that I was in my seventh year. He set me to reading Scott's novels very early by asking me if I knew Meg Merilies, and as I did not, I felt that it was time I did, though Father did not say so. From that very day Sir Walter had one more industrious reader and admirer. Another instance came later when he said: "Macbeth is a good play to begin with in Shakespeare. If you read 'Macbeth' you will read Shakespeare through." I immediately commenced "Macbeth," and I can see how he intended I should, but not as a task. I remember with gratitude that he never asked me a useful knowledge question. He took more interest in finding out incidentally what we were thinking about, after we had taken in the regulation number of facts.

Mother, during all my childhood, was, in my mind, a very decided character. The following incident I especially remember as illustrative of this fact. When I was with Lucy in Minnesota in one of Father's letters to us he told of a visit some of our southern relations were making at our house, and how Mother could hardly



let him sleep at night, on account of her indignation against their expressed views on slavery and states' rights—which were beginning even then to agitate the country—so that he supposed he would have to write the article for the papers which she had been dictating to him. Many and many were the times after I came home, a girl of fifteen, that I have seen Mother work Father up to the place where he would express all she had in her mind. Mother had supreme faith that Father could write just what she wanted expressed, but had neither the practice or time to write herself.

Father did not have clearer or better views on the great questions of the day than Mother, and in the table talks, which were one of the marked features of our household, Mother's opinion held an equal place with Father's and Father honored her accordingly.

Mother was the busiest person I ever knew, not only in the immense amount of actual work that comes to a great household, which for at least thirty years was rarely without some one besides our own family to add to her care, and an amount of company which would have paralyzed most people, but she was always interested in outside people and things, in the questions of the day, religious and political, in books, and her social



duties which were never neglected. Her interest in people was phenomenal. Both Father and Mother had the enthusiasm which led them to discern the interesting traits in all kinds of people. The familiar faces of those who frequented the office, and who were called by us children the "clients," come before me now; John R. Griffith, the shoemaker, who made shoes for us all; Daddy Potter, the cartman; Mr. Rose, "a descendant of the Boscauwens," dancing master, editor, politician, book-binder, decayed gentleman asking for charity in the style of Micawber; Mr. Boardman, paper-hanger and Protestant Methodist local preacher; Mr. Hawkins, the tailor, who always came to the office for "The National Intelligencer" and "The New York Observer"; Old Arnold, who in his old age went home to Ireland to die, but came back in a few weeks saying: "Bedad! there is nothing to eat there." All these worthies came and went, read the papers, enjoyed the peace and quiet of the office, and had the pleasure of Father's unvarying thoughtfulness and kindness. The newspapers on the office table were great educators, and double duty did not begin to express their service. These people were interesting to Father, the very narrowness of their lives seeming to emphasize their peculiarities, and he enjoyed in real life what most people



only enjoy, at second hand, in books. I know now how these friendships must have taxed his patience at times, but he made no sign of impatience, and we children would as soon have been disrespectful to Father, as to any of the recipients of his favor. Then some of Mother's friends come to mind. She was always planning to do something for somebody. For her own family, her brothers and sisters, her nephews and nieces, her generosity, goodness and unselfishness were, I have sometimes feared, too much a matter of course. "Lord, keep my memory green!"

Much of her good work was appreciated and acknowledged when she had forgotten it. There was Nettie, who came to Mother with not much more training than Topsy, and Mother immediately commenced as faithful a work with her as she was giving to her own children. For a long time Nettie's chief promise seemed to lie in imitating the manners and movements of her mistress, while her admiration for Miss Lucy took the direction of reproducing the glee music of the day after the manner of our sweet singer. Do you older ones remember how she used to sing "Our way across the mountains, ho"! and "The Mellow Horn"? Mother taught her to sew in addition to the ordinary work that such girls learned, and she became



quite expert with her needle. After she went away and had a family, she came back to thank Mother for having taken such an interest in her as no one else ever had. I think appreciation was entirely a secondary consideration with both Father and Mother. When there were evidences of gratitude in any of the number they helped in such various ways, of course it gave them pleasure, but the lack of it never seemed to discourage them. It was enough if any one was lonely, or neglected, or distressed; they had a genius for coming to the rescue. The number of them would be sufficient to fill a valuable annex to the "Old Curiosity Shop." Next door to the old house was the "Good" house. For years this was used as a Methodist parsonage. The term of pastorate was then one year, and every year brought a new family. They were generally poor as poverty, and, moving so frequently, had little of this world's goods, even of necessary things; so Mother made up the deficiency, year after year, by lending them various articles of movable furniture, which made their lives a little easier. Most of them, and other changing neighbors, were regarded as a kind of a charge by Mother. The impression her goodness made on my childish mind was that she did not want anything in this world unless everybody else was supplied first. As far as I was able to



judge, she was perfectly unselfish, and to-day I see no reason to change my mind. Among our near neighbors was a dressmaker, who had the hardest of lives—an utterly inefficient husband and a large family of children. The oldest, a daughter, was being sacrificed as a nurse-girl; all chance of her common-school education slipping away from her because the mother could not support her family and take care of the children too. Mother saw fine possibilities in this girl, and was not content until, by her importunities, she succeeded in showing the mother how she could manage to send her to school. Brother Alex. was principal of the school at this time, and, his interest being aroused, he was able to make special arrangements for her benefit. Thus between them they managed to secure to her her little allowance of schooling. All she needed was a chance, and in a few years she was in a position to teach a country school—all the time studying and making the most of her opportunities. Years ago she left our town, and we knew she was doing well; and when she had occasion to come back Mother was the one to whom she gratefully turned. Nor was Alex.'s interest in her ever forgotten. She is now a successful physician in New York City, of the regular school, and her field of usefulness is very wide. She has the



grace to remember how easy it would have been for Mother to have been a little less persistent in her behalf.

Mother inherited from her mother a certain impulsiveness, more French than Scotch, and, as she was not troubled with too much introspection, her impulses were generally carried out. The best lessons we children ever received in manners and even morals, came through this peculiarity of Mother's. She never was given to moralizing or didactic instruction, but she had a way of suddenly swooping down, as it were, on our little individual traits, and of reversing plans that did not redound to our credit. When I was not much more than an infant Mother let me have a party, at which I was allowed to use the little tea-set Jim had given to Mary and Eliza. I gave the invitations to the children of our nearest neighbors and to my cousins. At this point Mother heard a conversation between me and one of the favored guests; this little woman of the world was telling me how she had triumphed over another little girl—also a neighbor—who was not invited. She was not a very near neighbor, and my party was not general, but Mother instantly came on the scene and informed us that the invitations were not yet all given, and she intended to give this one herself, which she immediately proceeded to do. We children



had a very decided lesson in the art of giving a high tea. The fact of the matter was that I knew just as well as Mother that there was not much fitness in inviting this child, but I also took in something else that was of more importance.

Mother's social duties never suffered. She always did her full share in calling upon and entertaining strangers and friends. I am sure I do not know how she managed. She never allowed herself or Father to fall into unsocial habits. Her industrial school work and her public work during the war represented an immense amount of energy and executive ability. The garden claimed much of her attention. Our old garden was, I truly believe, the nicest garden next to Eden. This was the place in which we grew. It was wonderfully well kept, and Mother was very fond of working in it. She often says she inherited her fondness for gardening from her mother, as all Mother's daughters have inherited the taste from her. We always had flowers enough to send to our neighbors and friends; and our grapes, which were our chief fruit, were enjoyed by many people besides ourselves. We had great quantities of spring flowers—crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, jonquils and tulips, and it was a custom in the family to keep Father's office table supplied with flowers from the first



blue hyacinth to the last monthly rose. The blue hyacinth is so associated with Father's memory that the perfume at times affects my nerves like old time music—the pain is greater than the pleasure. In my time Father never worked in the garden, but he enjoyed it greatly.

After his health declined I remember one spring he had been shut up in his room all the early months, and had not realized how the season was advancing. When he was able to walk across the hall into the back parlor, Mother led him to the window overlooking the whole place, in all the beauty of the spring flowers. It was like a miracle to him, and he enjoyed it as a child. We had cleaned the martin boxes and put them up, and they were full of birds, and he was as glad to see them as though they were old friends. We children were always so proud of these little boxes, with chimneys and windows and porches like real houses. Father made them and kept them in repair; and putting them up in the spring was quite an event in the family. The children of the neighborhood thought them very wonderful. I suppose Mother has given enough flowers out of her garden to plant acres of ground. Everybody who admired or wanted them had only to suggest, and Mother was ready to stock a new garden out of hers. The beauty of her garden was that



there was so much in it that was perennial it was hard to destroy it. Year after year the same things were found. If the sweet violets and the lilies of the valley had not had their own places half the charm would have been lost. There were certain places in the garden where we used to sit and enjoy the sights and sounds—the top step of the stairs leading from the paved court to the garden, and the bench in the grapery. The ice-house steps particularly were the place where all manner of subjects were discussed. There has been enough theology discussed on those ice-house steps to stock a theological seminary. Politically, morally and socially we straightened out the question of the hour to the best of our ability ; and if it did not stay straight we had, at least, the benefit of clearing up our own views. When we, as a family, were through with the old house it was something of a relief to have it pass into the hands of strangers, who utterly changed the face of things. We are glad we shall never see strange faces in the places associated with Father and Mother and all that we held sacred and precious. The houses, opposite each other, in which our family life was lived are gone, and new business houses replace them. The old gardens are completely destroyed, and the one I knew best has not a foot of the soil left upon it.



Plainly we are not to allow the things of this world to take possession of our minds. Twice in my life has fire destroyed the precious little things which we associate with those we love. Three times has this happened to our dear sister Ellen ; and the last fire seems not only to have destroyed all her possessions, but also almost all desire in that direction. Surely it is plain we are to depend on our memory and our affections for continuity in happiness—our house and garden having vanished from our sight are in a closer sense our very own. Our imagination is free to come and go. We live over again our childhood and youth, and no unsympathetic stranger waits our departure. We are widely scattered and there is little prospect of our ever meeting as a family in this world, but we can hold fast to what our beloved Father and Mother so greatly desired for us—love and trust in each other. And so united let us give to our dear Mother, on her eighty-first birthday, the gift she will hold most precious—these “Recollections of her Children.”

Washington, Pennsylvania, 1888.



BY GEORGE LOUDON GOW.\*

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“So every season its pleasure found;  
Though the children never strayed beyond  
The dear old hills that hemmed them round.

Oh, youth, whatever we lose or secure,  
One good we can all keep safe and sure,  
Who remember a childhood, happy and pure!

And hard indeed must a man be made,  
By the toil and traffic of gain and trade,  
Who loves not the spot where a boy he played.”

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My earliest recollections of Father go back to the time when he was County Superintendent of Schools of Washington County, Pennsylvania, about the year 1856, when I was ten years old. When he had been elected I do not remember, but it must have been about the time that Alex. and Jim went to Illinois, which was then the far West. During this period I really became better acquainted with Father than at any other time, excepting perhaps, the few years at the immediate close of his life. Indeed, except for Father's being County Superintendent, and thus being compelled to hold teachers' examinations in at least

\*Brother Loudon died August 4, 1890.



every township in the county, my knowledge of the world as acquired by travel would have been limited to Canonsburg, a trip to Wheeling with Tom Gregg, and excursions to the woods around town during the nutting season. I was never at Pittsburg until during the war. But while Father was traveling in connection with his office, at least during the latter part of his term, he almost always took some one with him to drive and for company, and exceedingly pleasant rides he made of them. On these trips he would repeat, and I would commit to memory, many of the old style poems, such as "Gray's Elegy," "Alexander Selkirk's Soliloquy," "Casabianca," and a great many of the old hymns. The object of this, I think, was partly literary culture, but principally to keep us both awake, for the long trips over the bad roads did become exceedingly tiresome, but never so much so as to make me hesitate about going when the next offer was made.

There were certain books which Father was particularly fond of. The first was the Bible. His reading of the Bible was done so quietly and unostentatiously that it was hardly noticeable; nevertheless it was a rare thing that Father neglected to read the Bible every day, in addition to the reading at family worship; and during the last years of his life he almost entirely transcribed it in the



study and practice of short-hand, using what is now the very crude art of "Pitman's," or "Longley's," Phonography. As he retained his memory to the last, of course he must have had a very large amount of Scripture texts, as well as Bible history, stored in his mind. I think he must have been particularly well read in Bible history, for he was constantly using ancient and classical histories having a bearing on the stories of the Bible. But Father took even a greater interest in the doctrinal discussions of the Bible than in the historical parts. He was not one of the kind who are always ready for a doctrinal discussion, and more than willing to leave any important duty for the sake of setting some one else theologically right. But he had a great many friends with whom he discussed parts of the "Book of Common Prayer," "The Shorter Catechism," "psalmody," "close communion," and other subjects on which Christians differ. But I never remember of such discussions leading to ill-feeling. Indeed, they were more apt to cement an already warm friendship with his disputants. He had a particular fondness for the poetical parts of the Bible and the eloquent passages in the historical books. I remember him reading the ninetieth and ninety-first psalms very often, also the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes; and a great many times I have heard him



recite : “ Oh, Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee ; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not.” He thought this one of the most touching passages in the entire Bible. He also found great pleasure in the “ Epistle to the Hebrews.” One of his favorite books was the Episcopal “ Book of Common Prayer.” He more than read it—he studied it. He admired it for its literary character, as well as for the fact that its use gave a dignity to public worship that went to the other extreme from the customs of the churches in the early part of the century in their revival work. In the religious as well as the secular field he was a strong advocate of the education of both young and old, and was not tied down to any particular denomination so closely that he could not recognize the good to be found in all the others. He was a Calvinist, and therefore, in Western Pennsylvania, a Presbyterian. But had Congregationalism been established there, I think that would have been the church to which he would have attached himself. It was his New England church. It was Calvinistic in doctrine, he believed in its ecclesiastical polity, and its views and utterances on the slavery question met his approbation and admiration. After Father’s early



experience in Virginia, it was very difficult for him to credit any organization with much religion which did not actively antagonize the system of slavery. I have heard him, after telling me of some of the horrible cruelties—such as naked woman tied to a tree and beaten—which he saw himself, speak of some of the Presbyterian pulpit teaching on the subject, with a bitterness so intense as to make him change color. His hatred of cruelty and injustice, and particularly of the cruelty and injustice of slavery, was so deeply seated as to be one of the most marked characteristics of his nature. To him there was no personal gain in being a hater of slavery. He did not even receive the benefit he might have derived from belonging to the political party of the Abolitionists. He hated slavery because it was wrong, and not for party reasons. He always had independence of character to form and announce his opinions according to his own conscience. Father's quiet moral influence, his habit of leading in family worship twice a day, and our observance of the Sabbath as a sacred day, and yet a day of delightful family intercourse, made a deep impression on me from my earliest recollection. But Father was sensitive in regard to the expression of personal religious experience, and had a shrinking from any parade of



his religion. I do not remember ever hearing Father lead in prayer in a prayer meeting, though he did sometimes. He had a peculiar diffidence about such exercises which, considering his readiness in public speaking and in other lines of public work, seems remarkable. But I think we can safely say of those who are on their feet in religious meetings so much oftener than he was that there are few who are so deeply religious. Father never talked to me much on the subject of personal religion, but there was never a time when his influence in this respect was not strong. When I united with the church it pleased him very much, and he spoke to me very earnestly and kindly on the subject. I remember distinctly his appearance and actions on that communion Sabbath. It was evidently as impressive an occasion to him as to myself. On only one other occasion do I remember him as speaking more solemnly; that was one winter night, when he and I walked out to Rankintown together to write old Mr. Mountz's will. His talk that night I shall never forget, for never before or after had he so evidently tried to impress upon me his own personal belief in God, his strong faith that things which he then could not understand would come all right, and that God would take care of his own. He gave me some



of his own personal history which I never knew before, except in a general way, and told me of some bitter disappointments, the particulars of which were new to me. Pointing to a certain house on the way and alluding to its occupant—the worst man he ever had known—he said he could not understand why such temporal prosperity had been accorded to him, but it did not shake his faith in the faithfulness, the mercy, and the justice of God. He said further, alluding to his own age and infirmities : “ I will probably never live to see it, for I am nearly through, but I want to make a prediction which I think you will live to see fulfilled—the destruction of him and his influence will come within your time.” It was not said bitterly, but because he believed in God and wanted to impress me with his own belief, and prepare me for like experiences in my own life. And many, many times has the conversation come to my mind with a supporting power which I cannot express in words. But Father’s silent influence with me was his greatest. I have read a great many books because I had seen him read them. I have many times committed to memory poetry which I did not understand, not because he told me to, but because he admired and studied it. When I was very young I asked him to give me the little



pamphlet edition of "The Grave" and "Gray's Elegy" which he had printed and bound in black muslin as well as in paper; and although then I could not read "The Grave," at least with much appreciation, I selected the better bound edition to preserve, because I knew it must be worth preservation or he would not have given it such marked attention. I have two Bibles in which he wrote the lines:

" Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries;  
And happiest they of human race,  
To whom the truth has given grace  
To read, to love, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

To-day the books which I prize most highly are the ones I got from his library. I have his "Shakespeare" that he kept on the lower shelf of his office book-case to the north of the sitting-room door; his volumes of "Scott's novels," which stood on the third shelf of one of the cases in the sitting-room; and a large number of others which I see very often in my dreams just where they always stood on the shelves, or in his hands, as he sat before the office fire with his feet on a chair. I can easily see him reading the Bible,



Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Byron, English history, Macaulay, "Waverly Novels," "D'Aubigne's Reformation," and many others. I have also his "Corpus Juris Civilis" which he bought from a German tramp in whom he became interested. It is an edition of 1620, in Latin, thoroughly read and annotated in red ink. Father was a student all his life, both in general literature and in law. I studied Blackstone with him for about a year, and it was a very valuable experience, as it was the only drill I ever had. He took occasion many times to make suggestions as to the way I should conduct my future study, and also as to the ethics of the profession—a branch which is no longer taught or practiced. He must have almost memorized the four volumes of Blackstone. He owned half a dozen editions, but I presume that was partly for the accommodation of his students, of whom he always had several on his books. He had a wide reputation as a law preceptor. I wish I had known him as a practitioner. As I remember him he simply had an office practice. He tried a few cases of contested wills after his health failed, which I remember him as working very hard over. Judging from the way he examined witnesses in the office, he



must have been a very hard worker when he had a general practice.

Father always took great pleasure in writing for the newspapers. His portfolio nearly always contained some unfinished editorials; the subjects being generally in the line of national politics, but frequently of local application, and having as their texts some article or paragraph from the opposition local paper. During the life time of his friend John Bausman he must have done a large proportion of his editorial work. When Mr. Moore succeeded to the "Reporter" after Mr. Bausman's death, his work in this line increased largely. His articles were not personal or vituperative. Sometimes they were humorous throughout, or abounded in humorous allusions. He used to enjoy writing in the Irish brogue, and speaking it, especially when his conversation was with some laboring man who had a keen sense of humor. Our county was very closely divided politically, and the bitterness of party strife was intense during the war. Father, having been for forty years a strong anti-slavery man, and having looked forward to some such culmination as the war, and being a very strong adherent to the doctrine of a tariff for protection, found a great deal to write about. He strongly



sympathized with John Brown, and his contempt for southern cowardice and braggadocio was supreme. Having a natural love for literature, being well versed in history, and having an intense desire to see his principles triumphant, he gave much hard labor to accomplish this end, for which he took his pay in the satisfaction he had in seeing the desired end accomplished. That he lived to see the close of the war was a source of great satisfaction to us all.

I find as I grow older, and after being away from the old house for twenty-two years, that its nooks and corners are firmly fixed in my mind, and are all associated with Father and Mother. In my dreams, when I find myself up in the old garret—with its eight little rooms with dormer windows—in the room where we kept things out of use, in the room where the hole went through to the attic of the back building, with a descent of about three feet, the abode of “spooks” and a receptacle of coal soot—where I have crawled many and many a time for my private devotions, why I do not know—or in the room where we kept the walnuts, or in Nettie’s room, I very often find Father and Mother with me. I meet them also in the garden, mending the steps of the terrace, or the walks, or the borders, or



the graperies, or the pigeon boxes, or the martin boxes, chiefly the latter, and if I had to give up the influence upon my life of the old home and its surroundings or of Washington College, it would not take me two minutes to decide that the influence of the college should "go." Father and Mother loved the old home, and it would be impossible to say which did the most to make it what it was. Father was a natural mechanic and loved to work about the property, making and mending, and he inspired the children more or less with the same spirit. They were both fond of gardening. The asparagus bed by the ice-house, the hot-bed along the north fence, the vegetable beds on the south side of the long walk, the sweet corn patch down by the stable, are all as fresh in my mind as though I had seen them to-day. It is not the fashion to have such homes nowadays. What will the children of the coming generation be without their influence? The value of such a home consisted very largely in the fact that every child was recognized as having a part to perform in making it. We all had an interest in the house-keeping, the repairing, in the care of the horse, the cow, the chickens, in the opening up in the morning and locking up at night. Each one had his allotted task and the responsibility for its per-



formance. Originally our house had twenty rooms and eleven outside doors. During the war it was my business to lock up at night. I would begin at the north-west office window, then the door with its slide and bolt, then hang the key at the side of the door, then lock the south-west window, then try the old safe and shut the key slide. This safe would not have resisted fire or burglars for fifteen minutes, but it had to be locked just as carefully, and the big brass key, six inches long, safely laid on the table by Father's bedside. Then I would lock the front hall door, then the back hall door, and look in the closet under the stairs. Then start up stairs, examine the porch door at the head of the stairs, and lock the door leading to the garret. I would then pass through the parlors, examine windows and corners, look through the chambers on the front of the house, then pass into Father's room leaving the safe key on the table, then pass to the back hall, examining all doors and windows and closets. Then I would go down the back stairs and out to the coal house, seeing that every door, window and closet of kitchen, dining-room and back entry was properly closed and locked for the night. Then, returning to the sitting-room and fastening the windows, my round was made. Think



of all this, "Friends, lovers and countrymen," as done by a boy on a winters night at nine or ten o'clock, all tired out to begin with, and frequently with a feeling of fear of meeting some one on his rounds whose presence would not be welcome. And many is the time that I have wondered, after getting into bed, whether a certain door or window was locked, and after long pondering over it, have crawled out of bed and gone down stairs to see. And many is the time I have made the rounds a second time on a winter night, but I do not think I ever found I had neglected a point, for it was all done so systematically. The discomfort of such bad habits of uncertainty might well be laughed at, if occasionally I did not yet make the rounds in my dreams. This extreme care was caused partly by the fact that our community was not a law abiding community in those troublous times, and burglary and other crimes were feared.

I have among my treasures one of the iron casts of the sun dial that Father worked at about the year 1860. The model was made in the office, with the tools which had formerly belonged to Mr. Schaffer, a silversmith. The mathematical calculations which were required to make the dial reliable for that locality, I think he made himself, as he was very fond of the study



of mathematics, particularly when applied to some interesting problem. The stone sun dial that always stood in our garden, with "Tempus fugit" and "Carpe diem" engraved on the face, was his work. It was an object of interest to all who saw it.

I never heard Father complain of his sickness, although he must have suffered intensely, and his sickness extended through many years. He was very patient and bore his troubles heroically. Even when very weak in body his mind was employed.

During the war there were two orders of the "Union League;" one was an open order which was more in aid of the Republican party than anything else; the other was the "Secret Union League," which, in addition to being a political organization, was established for self-protection during the dark days of the war. Father united with both, and I remember his delivering an address to the "Secret Lodge" assembled in its rooms on Beau street, just about the time the younger members, including myself, went out in the three months service. It was a dangerous time in Washington, when there was every reason to believe that the "Knights of the Golden Circle" were well organized; but Father was ready to identify himself with the active work then required, wherever he could be of use.



I have very pleasant recollections of Father during 1863-64-65, when I was engaged in working at the court house. His business days were then almost past and his income was small. John was in the army and the younger girls were not yet through their studies at Oxford. On Saturdays I generally worked in one of the public offices, and for a long time I took the entire charge of the Recorder's office as Deputy. Father was very much pleased with this, not only because it brought in some money, but because it was giving me valuable experience. I felt very proud when he would drop in on me and sit awhile; it was not wasted time for either of us, and his praises made me very happy.

Father came nearer being a perfect man—pure in mind, honest, just, firm and yet charitable—than any man I ever knew.

There is a great difference between the impression made upon a child by a father and a mother. If I were asked which of the two did the most toward moulding my character I would have to answer, I do not know. If I were asked with which one I felt the most familiarity, I would have to answer, I cannot tell. If I should try to determine whose virtues were most marked, Father's or Mother's, I should fail in the attempt. While they



were very different in many respects, they were wonderfully alike in many. Their fitness for each other was marvelous, and neither could have been what each was, without the help of the other. How Mother ever managed to accomplish her work is more than I can understand. I was the tenth child and have a very distinct recollection of living at home, when the only absent ones of the family—except the two Elizas, whom I do not remember, but whom I thought I loved as much as if I did remember them personally—were Alex. who lived down on Beau street, and Lucy who lived in Canonsburg. Our family then numbered ten, not counting our occasional help. Mother was the general of all the forces. To be sure, the ways of living were very different from the present style. But we all had to be fed and clothed; we had to be sent to school on week days, and to church and Sunday School on Sunday. We also had to be provided for on Saturdays, and oh, what that did mean! First of all it meant for her to get up and go to market, if it was only to buy a soup-bone and some beefsteak. Does any one know why she did it? (Because we had no meat markets except at that time in the morning. Meat markets, green grocers, and provision stores came in with the “Hempfield Railroad,” about the year



1858. Ed.) I remember often being called up at from four to six o'clock in the morning, depending on the season, and following her to market. It was only a square away, but it seemed like a mile. If it were only to get meat it did not take long, but if it were during the spring or summer when we bought chickens, fruit and vegetables we got out pretty early, and many is the time I have gone to sleep on my feet while holding the basket for Mother. Many is the time she stood me up against one of the posts through which the chain ran that marked the limit of the market, to watch the basket while she should go around the market on a voyage of discovery. My eyes would grow very heavy and my feet cold. The dear old lady would finally get around and we would start home with our heavily laden basket. The next duty was to do the baking for breakfast—on Saturday we always had warm bread—and for a dozen people it was no small work. I often wonder if Mother's bread was as good as my recollection tells me it was. She baked a large raised cake which was broken for eating. It was generally raised, in the winter, before the sitting-room fire, in a sheet iron pan with a cover, though sometimes only a cloth was spread over it. On one occasion our little dog "Canis" set his foot on the cloth and left



the impression on the cake much to the amusement of the family. Whatever that bread may have been, I know a piece of that white cake with its crisp crust and butter, especially if the butter had been churned just before breakfast, and a saucer of thick molasses to sop up, was worthy of its maker. Then wasn't she good, after the cow was milked and taken to the pasture lot, in allowing me to go to the woods for nuts, or a fishing for minnows, or a swimming, or visiting to Dr. Aldrich's, or Adam Beck's, or Mr. Farley's? And it made no difference whether I got back before dark or not. (This last remark is an unconscious tribute to a quality in Mother that was remarkable. She was not indifferent to the coming home of her boys, but on the other hand deeply solicitous as the girls of the family can testify. But the boys did not realize it, for they generally had a good excuse for being late, and Mother never let her own fear or anxiety mar the pleasures and pursuits of her children, even when they were dangerous. The result was our boys never stole their pleasures, or engaged in pursuits in which Mother was not in sympathy. Ed.) The last act of the day was to wash our feet and put us to bed, and when Mother or an older sister washed them they were



cleaner than when that duty was left to our own judgment.

My recollection of Mother on Sunday is very pleasant. It was a day quietly spent and yet there was a pleasant sociability about it that made it a happy day for children. It was very different from our week days, and yet it was a day in which we thoroughly enjoyed our home and each other. We read a good deal, but were not compelled to. A Sabbath afternoon nap was a frequent thing; but it was even more frequent in the summer for Mother, and sometimes Father, and nearly all the family to congregate on the ice-house or terrace steps and enjoy a family rest. I do not know how Mother always kept up her regular habit of attending church and at the same time attended so faithfully to her household duties.

One of the great pleasures of my life now is very often to meet people who knew Father and Mother in their early days and during the war, who always speak of them in the kindest words, and very frequently remind me of some kind word or deed which has influenced their lives for half a century, perhaps, since. The last such occasion was only a few weeks ago, when Steve and Jinny Guinea met me in Greenfield and we had a pleasant talk of the kind. It principally referred to war times,



when, as they said, Mother served her country as no other woman in the county. Mother was surrounded by people who needed her, whose lives were made both better and happier by her allowing them to lean upon her, and to feel that they could tell her their trouble, without any danger of being betrayed.

And how many there were in the old town to whom she was a good angel! There were young and old, rich and poor, high and low, to whom she ministered continually. God bless her as she blessed them! While Mother was such a constant worker at home, among her friends in society and in so many different fields, how did she ever find time for reading as she did? As I remember her previous to 1867, when I left home, she always read the daily paper. She was interested in the great political, social and religious questions which were agitating the country. "The Independent" and Henry Ward Beecher's weekly sermon were always read. She knew the Bible and was so thoroughly versed in the psalms and hymns that I remember her as always singing at worship, but never using a book. She was thoroughly versed in the theological standards of the church. and could repeat the catechisms. It is one of the things for which I am particularly thankful, that each of my three babies



carries a happy recollection of dear "Grandmother Gow,"  
as one of the saints for whom a blessing is always  
specially sought.

Greenfield, Iowa, 1888.





BY ANNIE MURDOCH GOW DARLEY.

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“And I pity that woman, or grave or gay,  
Who keeps not fresh in her heart alway  
The tender dreams of her life’s young day.”

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To my blessed Mother, of whose love and patience and wonderful unselfishness I thought I knew something ; but since I sat by her last summer, for the first time in thirteen years, and looked into her beautiful face, I know we shall never know the depth of her goodness in this world.

On first hearing of the family “ Memorial ” I rejoiced, but thought as Virginia and I were so nearly “ precisely twins ”—for did we not both see the light of this world on August sixteenth, between the hours of twelve and one just two years apart?—she could represent us both. We came rather at the fag end of the family, when the interest was dwindling, as it could hardly have been as exciting to hear of a Gow baby in '48 and '50 as in '28 and '30. Still to nearly have twins to wind up with made up somewhat for the lack of interest. (Mrs. Darley was not old enough to know anything about the



“ interest ” that was felt when the “ little girls ” were born, and she is entirely mistaken. I was there and helped Mother prepare for their coming, and when they came there was great rejoicing. Ed.) But all were needed to complete the chain.

In the different towns in which we have lived my husband in speaking of marrying in Washington has never failed to meet the same kind of a response from somebody: “ What, John L. Gow’s daughter ? ” “ That is fine stock,” said Dr. Dickson of the “ Home Board,” adding: “ John L. Gow gave me my first certificate to teach school and was kind to me.” A lawyer in Iowa and two old men in Nebraska spoke of him as a “ noted lawyer.” One man spoke of Murdoch being an “ honorable name.” I fail to remember the numbers I have met who have said: “ Alex. Gow’s sister ? Oh yes, he did lots for me, I have his ‘ Good Morals and Gentle Manners ’—a good book that ought to be a text book.” Or, “ your brother was very strict, but it was a blessed thing for me ; he made me.”

In Seward, Nebraska, a lady was rather reproving me for not being a member of the W. C. T. U. In the course of the conversation I spoke of my sister, Mrs. Charlton of Omaha, being an active worker in



the temperance cause. "Mrs. Charlton your sister! She is a great worker, and it was a sad day for Omaha and the cause when she and her daughter left." For the time being I might as well have been a whole W. C. T. U. for the interest she suddenly found in me. I have met three Oxford girls in Colorado, and the brother of another who said: "The influence of your sister Ellen in Oxford will never disappear."

One neighbor in Del Norte said: "I'll come to see you if for nothing else to see your brother James' picture; he was the best teacher I ever had." One of our Greenfield men said: "I taught in the school when James Gow was on the Board—or rather he was the Board; and George is the best lawyer round these parts."

That is refreshing, Virginia! That brings me to our tier. That fine lawyer has chased us with fishing worms. I feel gratified when I hear all this array of virtue and talent, even down to Loudon, say that they helped to "raise" me. "Did I get too much raising to be illustrious?" Then comes our dear brother-cousin with the same illustrious name. We were at a lecture a few evenings ago; in front of us sat a Baptist minister from Maine. I remarked: "I wonder if he knows cousin George Gow?" Sandie stepped forward and



asked him. "Oh yes," he said "and he is a fine man." So you see if a person is small and young—it is hard to reach years of discretion in such a sized family if you are in the last tier—it is something to have "brothers and sisters and cousins."

At the youthful age of twenty-three I was to be married. I wrote to Alex. of my engagement, but the idea that the baby, born two years after he was graduated from college, had grown to be a woman, seemed never to have entered his mind. For awhile he did not answer my letter, not wanting to encourage me in youthful folly, I suppose, but remarked to some one else: "that child get married!" Even last summer—he being sixty and I forty—I think he thought it was presumptuous that "that child" should have as many boys as Mother. Presumptuous or not I am glad the Gow element is still strong in my little flock, for as he met me at the depot, he turned away with tears in his eyes—bless his dear, soft heart—and came back to tell me that he had never seen the face of the little sister buried so many years ago till that day he saw her in my little John Murdoch.

We younger ones, though we did not realize it at the time, had a peculiarly tender place in the family. Our first absence from home revealed it to us. We had



never been away from home over night till we reached the ages of eight and ten or thereabout. We were tired of the monotony of life ; we rather thought, outside of dish washing, we were not appreciated, but little we knew. We had a chance at last to go to the country for a visit of two days. I remember the doubtful way Mother looked after us as we started. We reached the house where we were to visit about dark. Our spirits had weakened every mile of the three or four. We had not been there an hour before I missed Virginia. I found her at the end of a long porch, and I knew from my own feelings what she was doing. I went up behind her with all my feelings in my throat. I saw two big tears fall with the rain drops—then there were two of us. The rain fell as though in sympathy with us, “Jinnie ” turned around to me laughing through her tears and said: “Annie if I only could get home to-night I would be willing to wash dishes all the rest of my life.” “So would I,” I said. We laughed at the idea and then cried ; we went to sleep crying. The next morning they sent us home on a wagon loaded with bags of wheat, in the rain, after trying to persuade us to wait and go home in the carriage, in the evening. When we neared the town there was a reaction in our

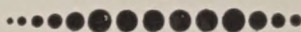


minds ; we began to consider that there might be two views in regard to our conduct, and what we should say when we got home. We asked the driver to let us out at the foot of the town, and walking slowly up the whole length of Main street, with our night gowns under our arms, we concluded to go to John's office first to see how he would take it. We opened his door slowly and walked in. He looked up from his writing, and I think I can see the smile on his face yet, as he jumped down from his high seat and came to meet us and told us how glad he was that we had come home ; and though it was not quite noon he locked up the office and took us home. We went through Father's office and he just beamed on us, called us the " little girls " and told us how they had missed us. John, still smiling, re-echoed his words, and then they both took us back to Mother where we had another reception. It was well worth the horrible night we had put through. This tenderness to us showed out in many ways from all—from our dear Father of whom I have always regretted I knew so little except as a child, down to dear brother Loudon, who resembles him so much. And here I wish I could tell them how much I appreciate that tenderness manifested in works when we children were to be educated.



Father being sick and the times hard on account of the war, Ellen and Mary and John and Loudon came to the rescue. Of the extent of the help I never knew till I had been married fifteen years. This quietness was a part of the deep love that has characterized our family all through. That the love may grow stronger with the years, and that Father's most frequent prayer: "that God would remember all the branches of our family graciously in the day when he makes up his jewels," is the prayer of this "child."

Pueblo, Colorado, 1888.





BY VIRGINIA MURDOCH GOW.

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“But were another childhood-world my share,  
I would be born a little sister there.”

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I think I should best enjoy giving some of my early recollections of Father and Mother. Looking back I see that as a child my impressions of them were very clear and correct; years have not changed but only deepened them. I was very much of a child when Father died, and, although my sixteenth birthday came the day before he died, my relations to him were still those of a child. Father's influence over the children of my time, Loudon, Annie and myself, was very strong; not so much by reason of any direct exercise of it, as indirectly by reason of what he was; and also of Mother's character and methods, for our love and reverence for Father were largely due to Mother. With another kind of mother I think we might have failed to get the benefit of Father's influence, for Father was reserved and little given to discipline, giving it almost entirely into the hands of Mother, and in my time at least, she did the



actual training of the children. But she made good use of Father in this, that she cultivated in us a great sensitiveness, unmixed with fear, to his approval or disapproval. How many times have I heard her say, "I would be sorry to tell Father," or, "I would be very sorry to have Father see you do this or that." To have his disapprobation was the worst that could happen to us, for his discipline was very mild. When we were too noisy in the sitting-room, he would open the office door and say to Mother: "Cannot the children be more quiet?" He disliked to reprove us, and this fact made us regard his wishes the more. His most severe discipline was to point to a chair and say: "Sit there until I tell you you may go." This command was apt to come on Sunday to Loudon, Annie and myself, and was quite a trial and mortification. Often we would whisper to Mother to ask Father if we might go, or, if a welcome interruption of attention would occur, we would steal quietly away from our chairs. I remember once a very opportune smoke in the cellar that had to be investigated; and we three, with very conscious glances at each other, brought up the rear of the procession, but did not go back to our chairs after the investigation. But I never remember Father raising his voice or speaking angrily to us.



To illustrate my sensitiveness to Father's approval, I remember once Father and Mother were talking of a family in which there had been very poor success with the children, at this time grown to be men and women. Father said with tears in his eyes, something like this: "We have great cause of thankfulness in our children, Mother." I was very young, not more than twelve years old, but I had had a recent conversion, known only to myself, on the subject of lying. At this distance of time I know that my lying was of a very mild variety, and of rare occurrence. I did not then know that there are differences in kind, and temptation had not yet come to me in the form that most usually attacks the grown-up-world—the telling of lies to myself. I do not know that the family ever discovered that I was not truthful. I was very truthful with myself about it, and had suffered dreadfully over it. My relation to God with regard to it became very clear to me, and I was keeping myself under very rigid discipline as to telling the truth. When Father made the remark to Mother which I have just quoted, I was again overwhelmed, and thought to myself: "Oh, Father, if you only knew how many lies I have told!" A large part of my prayers—my real prayers that I said on my feet—was that I might be worthy of the approval



of Father and Mother. I was a favored child in this, that I derived my best and most enduring ideas of God from the character and lives of Father and Mother. I early perceived that the guiding principle of their lives was love of righteousness from love of God, and from a desire for their approval it was only a step, an awakening, to the feeling that I must have the approval of God; the one feeling was involved in the other so that we could scarcely have loved our parents without loving God.

As children I think the lessons emphasized in our training—I do not remember special teaching—might be summed up easily in very few words: a sense of responsibility with regard to our duties, and submission to the authority of our parents, teachers and elders. If any child of us had trouble with a teacher that child would be very slow to complain unless very sure of the justness of his cause. Not only would our conduct be called in question, but our motives and the very expression of our faces. We knew our very souls would be looked into by our parents. Unless the contrary could be shown, our teachers and elders were considered better authority than we. As men and women we have, I think, been a trial and mystery to many of our friends, as our Father and Mother were before us. It was a little



hard to understand how a family so submissive to authority, so loyal to the thing in hand were so little bound to anything, simply because with others it was the accepted thing, or the pleasant thing, the method or the style. I realized in some measure even as a child that Father and Mother were always looking for the better way—the better thing—the higher authority, and were eager and willing to walk in this better way, even when it gave them great pain. They asked of their children only what they asked of themselves—the best effort in the daily task, and a submission to the highest authority.

Father once asked me if I ever read Shakespeare. Now I enjoyed Shakespeare as I listened to Father reading to Mother in the evening, but I did not enjoy reading it myself, so I said: “No,” and added apologetically “I do not like dialogues.” He must have been amused, but I felt very badly about it, and felt I must like to read Shakespeare. I shall never forget my happiness in learning to read. If I had a little girl I myself would teach her to read by the old method, with a roast beef skewer for a pointer. It stirs my blood to see one of those skewers now. The best of my education I got at that time—a good, happy start in reading and a love for it that I never lost. This was Mother’s work,



for she taught me to read. I followed her round at her work, or sat by her side with my book, as she sewed, and was a very happy four-year-old with my Mother.

As a child I never liked school. When a little child I was homesick at school, and would have to console myself by saying, "I will go home to Mother." School drill and methods were very tiresome to me, and Mother very wisely, as I think, allowed me to go or stay at home as my wish led me. I think she trusted to my surroundings and the help of the older ones, that I would be ready for the later school when the time should come. And just here may I say that my dear sister Mary who has the true teacher's gift, gave me my best knowledge of grammar, making the study so easy, so beautiful, for Annie and myself, teaching us with the aid of her "dear old Kirkham," an old book at that time out of date in the schools. She was very patient with us when we stopped to "play," which I remember we did very often.

And can my dear brother Loudon ever know how greatly he lightened life for me, when he made clear to me the mysteries of those dreadful foxes and hounds, poles, cisterns, and shadows of mental arithmetic! I



used to take my book to the cow-yard, and he would help me while milking, and, measuring distances on the ground would use sticks and stones to make it plain to me. He was so gentle, so happy to make it clear, never thought me slow, and never left the matter until he was sure I had it. He only thought of helping me, and I of being helped by a dear brother; neither of us thought of the happy recollection that was to be mine forever.

As a little child the days and weeks at home with Mother, the other children being at school, were a long happiness. Then, too, I enjoyed the society of Mrs. Gregg, our life-long neighbor who was very good to me, and of whom I was very fond. Alex. Murdoch, too, my gentle cousin and playmate, whom I loved, made a part of my early joy in living. But Mother was my dearest friend. I was much more fond of her society than that of those two whirlwinds, Loudon and Annie. Saturday they were at home all day, and were rather the despair of Mother and myself, as they were naturally very gay, and learned many things at school not included in books. Rainy Saturdays, when they took possession of the house, Mother would say of me, partly, I suppose, to make me an object of emulation, "I am glad I have one good child." Then those lively ones would make it



lively for me, and much as it gratified me to have approval from Mother, it did not altogether compensate me. It was dreadful to have them say in satirical tone, "I am glad I have one good child." However, on the whole, I admired them very much, and, when a little older and bigger, could be quite as gay as they. I remember Mother often talked to me as she would have talked to an older person. She told me, I remember, the story of the decline and death of her young brother, Matthew. It made a deep impression on my mind, and Mother's grief in telling the story made quite as deep impression as the story.

Mother never lost her enjoyment of a child's play-house. One spring day, when we came home from school, she said to Annie and myself: "Go look in the closet in the entry." She had made us a lovely play-house, with pictures pasted on the walls and a cupboard with Mary's dishes in it, the dishes that we all knew, Jim's gift when a boy to Mary and Eliza. Annie will remember the very fine one she made us in the carriage-house. She had much more invention than we. Nobody made such loveable, big, rag babies as she. The later grandchildren will testify to this. I remember well the big round eyes of one of the little



nieces as she came to announce a discovery, with the proof of her discovery in her hand. "Dolly Grinder" had "feather blood." Perhaps it was this feather blood that made babies of so soft and warm a nature as to develop the maternal instinct in the little girls, and something very much akin to it even in the little boys. I was once sitting with one of these dolls in my arms in the dining-room window, while the rest of the family still sat at dinner. Suddenly I tumbled in and the baby tumbled out. I cried out "Oh my baby! my baby!" I was very much surprised that the family laughed. Mother was fond of giving us little surprises. How often on market morning have I been wakened by having a piece of fruit put in my hand, and, opening my eyes found Mother smiling at myself and Annie, my dear twin and bed-mate.

My earliest recollection of Father is associated with a habit that we all remember. When the family would be out round the front door on the summer evenings, he would sit in the sitting-room in the twilight with his violin. In the first summer in my remembrance I, as a sleepy child, would be sent by Mother to Father, and he would put down his violin, take me in his arms and softly sing me to sleep. As a child I was



with Father a great deal, and, indeed, in some ways, I felt myself quite necessary to him. I shared with Annie the task of reading the Bible before breakfast, in winter, that Father might study "shorthand." He took down the whole Bible in this way. In the summer mornings before breakfast he worked at his tool-bench, and wanted a child at hand constantly. I learned to turn the grindstone with just the right speed and motion, and was very anxious to do everything perfectly for Father. I never felt as a child that either Father or Mother employed me for the purpose of teaching or amusing me. I rather felt there was work to be done and I must do my share of it. To my mind this was one of the strong points of their training; their interests were ours, the family interest was the interest of all. As a little child I felt I could not drop out, and, if I should, decided lameness of the whole body would follow. I was never paid for any work I did; it was not their custom. We were all paid for learning the catechism and other things, I and perhaps others for learning Grey's Elegy of which Father was fond,—Miss Mary Gregg helped me by learning it with me,—but all work was done for love.

As I worked with Father he rarely talked with me



except as the work required, and then always gently. He made me very happy many times by saying he could not work without me. I remember the last day he worked with his tools. He was too feeble and he laid them down, saying to Mother: "I shall never work again." I shall never forget the expression of Mother's face; it is still clearly before me.

Father and Mother had great power to carry their children's sympathies with them in their work, but I do not think it was accomplished by any conscious theory or principle. The years of Father's sickness were a time of happiness and education to me. It was like Father and Mother to tell us, even "the children," that his sickness was incurable, and we all shared in the care of him. During the first part of his sickness he had very severe trouble with his eyes. I was then about twelve years old, and it became one of my duties to read the Pittsburg daily newspapers to him. It was during the war, and I was very much interested and eager to learn, but I understood very little of the editorial matter which I was reading, and I used to wonder if Father knew how little. Of course he did, but my mechanical style of reading must have been at least satisfactory, for he seldom found any fault with me. I was very anxious to



understand for his sake. I wrote at his dictation articles for "The Reporter," and the punctuation troubled me very much, but I never said so to him as I did not want him to think it was hard for me. It was good education for me in many ways just to be with him, and I suppose he little thought how closely I was observing him, and what an impression everything he said made upon me. As I was not to know him as a woman, I am thankful for my experience as a child.

As a child I loved Mother, and as a woman I have recognized in her those qualities which were pre-eminently her own—patient endurance, and an unconscious unselfishness that I have scarcely seen equaled. Her endurance was such that I think her bodily strength was greatly overestimated. I have read a letter recently, from Father to aunt Lucy Lincoln, written after the death of the second Eliza, in which he speaks of this sustaining quality of mind. As children we used to say that Mother never slept. I have often wakened in the night to find her standing by the bed, brought there, I suppose, by our restlessness, and, half asleep, would wonder why she came. Father used to say she was counting her brood. Indeed, in many respects, he was one of them. When Mother was away he was as disconsolate as



a child. He would come into the sitting-room and say: "Where is Mother?" Often she would answer from a distance, "Here I am Father, what is it?" And he would answer: "Nothing, I just want to know you are here." I do not know that it was a matter of principle with her, but it was a rare thing for her to be away when the children came home from school, or at such times as the family were gathered in. We were always sure of her presence, and that made home. She sits very quietly now, active only in mind, interested and happy in the present, but living much in the past. When the far-away look in her eyes has called out the question: "What are you thinking of, Mother?" how many times has come the answer: "I am thinking of my children." As I think of her so quietly waiting, so ready in mind for the last change that will mean so much to us, her children, my mind turns to Bunyan's "land of Beulah," where the pilgrims waited before crossing the river, and to the Christiana of his vision, and I take the book and read: "After this I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they took themselves awhile to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here



belonged to the King of the Celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire, with spikenard and saffron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all chief spices! With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here, and with these were their bodies annointed to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

“Now while they lay here and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian, the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were: Hail! good woman; I bring the tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects thee, that thou shouldst stand in his presence in robes of immortality within these ten days.

“When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of the company to go over, she called for Mr. Great-Heart, her guide, and told him how matters



were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he would give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her saying, 'Thus and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.'

"Then she called for her children and gave them her blessing, and told them she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

"Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, 'I come, Lord, to be with Thee,' and bless Thee! So her children and friends returned to their places, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all



the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept, but Mr. Great-Heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy.”





BY GEORGE BOARDMAN GOW.

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“Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,  
And memory of things precious keepeth warm  
The heart that once did hold them.”

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Though only a son-in-law I am permitted to write a chapter—a kind of appendix—for this “Family Memorial.” The reasons for granting me this exceptional privilege may appear in what I shall write. I have sat beside “Aunt Ellen” while she has been engaged in her labor of love upon the precious volume, assisting her also in carrying it through the press; and have watched its growth with the sincerest interest, and an esteem and affection for the Father and Mother honored therein, not unworthy, I trust, of an own son.

In the sketch of the three grandfathers which introduces our “recollections,” mention is made of grandfather Gow’s son Eliphalet. That son, my father, the oldest child of Abigail Sayward, went at twenty years of age to Waterville, Maine, a village on the Kennebec river, twenty miles above Hallowell, his native place, and there began life as a tin-plate worker. He had been



apprenticed under the old system to General Ladd, a friend of his father, to learn his trade and to serve until he should become of age. It was necessary, therefore, that he should be released from the contract of his apprenticeship for the last year of its term, for which release he paid one hundred dollars.

The son of a deacon, he married a deacon's daughter, Miss Serena M. Russell, of whom I can trust myself only to say that he could hardly have selected a more devout Christian, or a wiser woman, to make with him a strong and happy home. In Dea. Russell's family he found for himself a home, from which, by reason of the early failure of his health, he never went forth. Into this household he brought the sacred traditions of his own ancestral life. The name of Dea. James Gow was profoundly revered by all who ever heard my father speak of him, and my mother through her long widowhood cherished the flame of grandfather Gow's memory along with that of my father.

I have but little remembrance of grandfather Gow, as my father died when I was five years and six months old, and grandfather's death occurred but four years later. But I remember one visit in particular which he paid us at Waterville after my father's death. It was a great



delight to Dea. Russell to welcome Dea. Gow to his home. I recall the sight, quite a wonder to me, of grandfather Gow sitting in the old arm-chair by the "Franklin" fire-place in the sitting-room, under the mantel on which stood the clock that still hangs, an heirloom, in my own home. That place and that rocking-chair were sacred to grandfather Russell. Nobody thought for a moment of occupying them even in grandfather's absence. It was, therefore, very significant of reverence and love when they were given up to Dea. Gow as to a more worthy man. Perhaps the scene was impressed more vividly upon my mind by the fact that on that visit, sitting in that chair, grandfather Gow, always kind to me, made me the offer of a jack-knife—gift of transcendent value to a boy—upon condition that I would commit to memory the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, beginning: "Children obey your parents in the Lord."

I frequently visited the old homestead in Hallowell. It was situated very near the summit of the long range of high, steep hills on which the town was built. The view from it up and down the river was of surpassing beauty. Augusta, the capital of the State, two miles above Hallowell, was the head of navigation. Gardner,



four miles below, was a still more thriving town. On the smooth surface of the broad river floated the many shapes of river craft, with the great wonder of the region, the Boston Boat, plying twice a week between the river towns and the New England metropolis. This was the scene in which our fathers, John and Eliphalet, were reared; broad, varied, intensely active with the free thought and untrammelled energy of early New England life. They left their beautiful birth-place at an early age to build homes elsewhere for themselves, but the traditions of love, liberty and law which they took with them were our precious heritage.

An incident in the Hallowell life of grandfather Gow has come down to me, which will illustrate the character of the man, and indicate, perhaps, the origin of some traits of character that have appeared in his descendants. On a certain Fourth of July the free spirits of the town proposed to celebrate the day after the manner of the time with marching to and fro, an oration, a banquet and after-dinner speeches. It was very much desired that Dea. Gow should be present at the dinner. But the probability that the "flowing bowl" would give to the occasion too much of the character of a carousal, made him unwilling to accept the invitation tendered him. He



was, however, assured that no liquor would be provided at the table and finally consented to be present. But in spite of the promise his worst fears were realized. In a room crowded with tables and guests he was seated at the head of a table, and as far as possible from the door, to which, after the tables were filled, there was no passage way left him. Here he sat, grave and patient though annoyed, until the excited guests began in reckless gaiety to smash their glasses. Then, feeling himself released from the obligations of good breeding which would otherwise have bound him, he rose and walked upon the table itself to the door. A teetotaller himself, he was the father of three generations of teetotallers, whose influence for temperance in all things has been felt in widely separated localities, from Maine to California—generations with rare unanimity true to the best in their intellectual and spiritual inheritance.

“Uncle John” had gone to the far West, as the region beyond the Alleghanies then seemed, so that during my early childhood I saw nothing of him and his family. But at one point there occurred a brief connection, the memory of which is very sweet to me. My father applied himself to business with an assiduity and skill that rapidly won success. But scarcely had he become



the leading hardware merchant of a whole county when his health began to fail. In the autumn before his death, by the advice of his physicians, he sought relief in a sea voyage and a winter to be spent in the South. He went by sailing vessel to Pensacola, Florida. But it was too late for his recovery. Tuberculosis was too deeply seated upon his lungs for recovery, and, immediately after arriving in Pensacola, he began his long, wearisome journey home to die. He came by way of New Orleans and the great rivers to Wheeling, Virginia, finding ice in the Ohio at the latter point, through which the steamer with difficulty made her way to the dock. From Wheeling he came to Washington, Pennsylvania, where his brother John was living. Here he found a genuinely brotherly welcome, and that rest for his exhausted body which he had not known since he left his own home. How long he remained here I do not remember, but long enough, certainly, for his visit to become a delightful tradition in both families. Cousin Alex. was then a child of nine years, and it was his privilege to come each morning into the sick man's chamber, the best room in the house, and build a fire for him before he arose. The story of the careful ministries of uncle John, aunt Mary and their children



to this gentle, patient sufferer was one of the legacies of my father to me, carefully kept in my mind by my mother, who as yet had seen none of the Washington family.

My father died in the following July. From that time I heard little from uncle John's family—and that little chiefly through aunt Lucy Lincoln, my father's younger sister, who, with her family occupied the old homestead at Hallowell—until years later, when uncle John and his two older children visited Maine. That visit was an important era in my life. It was the beginning of my real acquaintance with my father's family, and of some of the dearest friendships of my life. The double occasion of the visit was the appointment of uncle John by President Taylor as a visitor to West Point, and a wedding trip for his oldest daughter, Lucy, then recently married to Mr. James B. Charlton. The bridal party consisted of uncle John himself, his oldest son Alex., then a young man of twenty-one, just out of college, and Mr. Charlton with his newly-married bride. Their principal stay was at Hallowell with the Lincolns, but during their sojourn in the State they visited Waterville. A little stern-wheel steamer then plied between Waterville and Hallowell in summer-



time, going down the river in the morning and returning in the afternoon. The party came up one afternoon, spent the following day with us and returned the third day. In addition to his own children, uncle John brought with him on the trip to Waterville, two others, his sister Lucy's oldest daughter, Mary Lincoln, and his sister Pamela's oldest daughter, Lucy Robinson, whose mother had died four years earlier. Was not that a grand party of relatives to visit a lone boy and his widowed mother? And did not the impressible youth of seventeen summers fall in love with those relatives? A love, it was, that never faltered and never changed, except to grow stronger with passing years. I remember the dignified bearing of uncle John, and with what exaltation of spirit I introduced him, Professor John L. Gow of Washington College, to the Rev. Dr. David N. Sheldon, president of Waterville College, of which latter institution I was a proud sophomore. It was on the walk in front of the chapel that I introduced my distinguished guest to President Sheldon. Were we not three distinguished persons together? And what more natural, seeing that I had brought these gentlemen together, than that, as we walked on, I should take my place in the middle, between them? But I was soon reminded that, although a sophomore and nephew of a



college professor, I had some things yet to learn. The reminder came in the shape of an action quite characteristic of uncle John. Putting his hands on my shoulders in a fatherly way he set me one side and took his proper place by the gentleman with whom he wished to converse. I do not remember the subject of their conversation, but I do remember distinctly the lesson of modesty and manners which I had been taught. I am too much of an optimist to lament anything that comes to man in the providence of an infinitely wise and good God, but I can appreciate the value to a young man of the daily discipline in a home at the head of which stands such a man as was there revealed to me.

On the return of the party to Hallowell I was invited to accompany them to remain for a few days. I had never known anything in my life so delightful as that visit, and scarcely anything since has given me purer joy. The young bride of the party for some reason was exceedingly kind to her newly-found, down-east cousin. To her warmth of cousinly kindness he responded with all the ardor of youth; and with an affection as pure as it was ardent, that to this day has never cooled, though he has not seen her since. She was a brilliant brunette, with a sparkling eye and a ready wit, a bride at nineteen, and as



mature and womanly in thought as she was vivacious in manner. She must have seen clearly what happiness she was bestowing upon her undeveloped and surprised cousin, and have found a genuine pleasure in the exercise toward him of a kindly charity natural to her. She was a good singer and could sing a ballad with marked effect, needing no instrument to give tone to her voice or hold it in place.

But there was, as I have said, another Lucy in the party, the oldest daughter of aunt Pamela's family, about a year younger than myself. A little timid and perfectly simple in manner, acutely sensitive, but gentle and generous, beautiful as a rose to look upon, tall and graceful, she was to me an astonishment and a glory. Already her phenomenal voice, so sweet yet strong, so full of pathos, pure and even in tone, without a break or a weak spot in a compass of more than two full octaves, was even then showing its rare power. In what a delirium of youthful joy I spent the days of that visit! On the little steamer "Water Witch," as we rode down the river these two Lucys entertained us with song, each so delightfully in her own way. There were two young men in the company, cousin Alex. and Mr. Charlton, the bridegroom, but I do not remember that they said or did anything. Uncle John was on board, of course, but I do not remember his presence. Those two



cousins were the light of the occasion for me, to which the sunshine of that summer day was but a suitable accompaniment. At Augusta we left the boat and visited the public buildings of the capital, walking from the State House to Hallowell. Mrs. Charlton, whose recollections are included in this volume, I have never seen since that visit. With Lucy Robinson, afterwards Mrs. Benjamin Whitmore, I renewed my acquaintance a few years later, when she visited us again in Waterville, and maintained it with growing intimacy until her death, September 4, 1860.

Another long interval occurred before my acquaintance with the Washington family was renewed. Uncle John had died, I had entered the ministry and was a pastor in Worcester, Massachusetts. Miss Ellen Gow, who had been for ten years a teacher in the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, was resting in convalescence after a serious illness, at Dansville, New York. There also a member of my own congregation was resting, and through her a correspondence began between cousin Ellen and myself. A year later I visited Washington, receiving as warm a greeting from the family as did my honored father thirty-seven years before. The two older sons of the family, Alex. and James, were married and settled in the West. The youngest son, George Loudon, unmarried,



was also in the West. John Loudon, the third son, heir to his father's name and fame, was married and practicing law in Washington. Mrs. Charlton, the cousin whom I had learned to adore by the flashing waters of Ticonic Falls, was settled in Illinois. Annie, the seventh of the daughters, had recently married a Presbyterian divine, and with him gone to a field of labor beyond the Mississippi. Minnie, the sixth daughter, had married a young lawyer, Mr. Marcus C. Acheson, and was settled in Washington. Ellen, at home again from the sanitarium, and Mary and Virginia were unmarried daughters, living with their mother in the "second house," the last homestead of the family. Here I feasted on the fat things of the earth. I do not refer to the food set before me at table—I have no remembrance whatever of that—but to the intellectual and spiritual fellowship of those days. Then and there "Cousin" was established as a member of the family. We talked of the past, bringing into the vivid light of sympathetic memory things that were growing dim, and setting in still stronger light things that could never fade. We walked in the garden, which the very hands that welcomed me had made, and upon which eyes had fondly looked no longer conversant with things of sense. We sat by day upon the ice-house steps and regulated the



world, or, in the twilight, within the broad hall of the old mansion, telling our several tales of life, and recounting the virtues of the absent ones. With cousin John I tramped over the hills, studied the flora of the country, visited the lime kilns and coal mines, and examined the yellow water of Chartiers creek. Together on one occasion we all made holiday in "Major's woods," a day never to be forgotten. Together in the evenings we gathered about the piano and sang, cousin Mary, the music teacher of the family, playing the instrument. Here I learned more than I had before known of my father and his visit to Washington, especially from aunt Mary's lips. She told me also of the sojourn in Washington of uncle Joseph Gow, my father's full brother, the youngest son of Dea. James Gow, who died at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, in the year 1861. I had always loved and admired uncle Joseph. Though somewhat erratic in early life, he was a brilliant man, of noble instincts. I first knew him when he visited us of the Waterville family after his return from a whaling voyage. I was then a child of eight or nine years. He sang finely, playing an accompaniment to his voice on his "single bass viol." Between his music and his stories of whale fishing and sailor life he created in my heart an admiration for



him akin to that of Desdemona for the Moor. But he was no Moor in looks ; on the contrary he was a tall and handsome man, of fine manners and manly bearing. He caused his father and his brothers, John and Eliphalet, much anxiety by his uncontrollable spirits. At one time he had been a student in the college at Waterville, under my father's care, but before my remembrance, and later in the college at Washington under the care of his brother John ; in each case an admiration for his talents and a sorrow for his undisciplined habits. But as he reached middle life the better man born in him developed, and the prayers of a whole house were answered. In his most wayward days he had been a very successful teacher, a master whom the roughest of country boys did not a second time defy. At length he married a strong and noble woman, who still survives him, and, settling at Edgartown as a teacher, becoming also a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church, left behind him a sweet and honored memory.

Here, too, in this, my first visit to Washington, six years after uncle John's death, I learned from many citizens to whom I was introduced, what a place he had held in that old college town. No man could have been more highly esteemed, or more affectionately remem-



bered than he was as a public teacher, a lawyer, and a Christian gentleman. More than ever a sense of my own loss took hold of me, that I had not known him in my maturer years, and when a more intimate acquaintance with him would have been of incalculable value to me. It was a matter of great interest to me to find that he had been so eminently successful as a teacher of law students. He was not only qualified for this honorable service by his legal learning, but he was "apt to teach" by reason of his great personal interest in the young men who entered his office.

But my delightful sojourn came at length to an end. I returned to my home in Worcester to find my mother stricken with paralysis, of which in a few days she died. Two years later the mother of my boys entered into rest, after an almost spotless life of Christian faith and devotion to holy duties. How rapidly the march of events in our changing life went on! In August of that year, 1875, cousin Ellen was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the newly-founded college of Mr. Durant, at Wellesley, Massachusetts. On her way to Wellesley she visited me at my home in Millbury, Massachusetts. In the following October aunt Mary and cousins Mary and Virginia came from



Washington to spend the winter with me and renew for me in some measure my home life. In the following June the Wellesley professor became the pastor's wife, and aunt Mary and the cousins—now sisters—Mary and Virginia returned to the old home in Washington. Five years later sister Virginia came to us, then living at Brattleboro, Vermont, to remain with us, where she is to this day, a member of our household, as dear to us as if she were our own child.

It was during the family life at Millbury, that I came most intimately to know our dear Mother. There in the daily intercourse of family life, I learned to appreciate what seem to me to be her chief excellences, a certain matter-of-fact, good sense about all practical affairs and, underlying that good sense, and largely its source, a profound, all-controlling devotion to duty. This devotion was not sentimental, not vague and rhetorical, but an ever-present sense of all the things that must be done, and how and at what moment they must be done, entirely apart from any question whether the doing would be agreeable to the senses. To the thing to be done she went directly, brushing aside, as a matter of necessity, whatever obstacles might lie in the way, a method not always agreeable to the dreamers who



might be sunning themselves on banks of thyme in her path, but very useful for the business of life. It was a bold thing for her and her daughters to close their old home and go to this distant relative—only half a cousin to her children—her husband's half-brother's child, and whom she had known only in the poetic light of a cousinly visit and some fervid correspondence. But there seemed to be need of her. Eliphalet's son was in sorrow and alone. God only knows what her coming was worth to that vexed and troubled man. She saw a need, and by the same resoluteness which could send her on this mission of helpfulness, she knew that she could take her own and return with them when it should seem best. The good sense that made the experiment possible made it also safe. But, though able in this strength of her mature womanhood to take on the care of another son, she did not forget the care of all the households of her own immediate family. I remember seeing her one day, as she stood by the window of my study, looking out over the valley of the Blackstone as it stretched for miles away before her, with its smoke-stacks and villas, yet evidently seeing nothing of the busy scene. I asked her of what she was thinking. Recovering the consciousness of her surroundings, she turned away with a softened, almost tearful answer, which



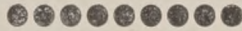
told that her thoughts were in the distant homes where four sons and as many daughters were fighting the battle of life—in some cases contending literally with the enemies of social peace and order at the risk of all earthly prosperity. She lacked none of the profounder sensibilities that make life beautiful, but her great superiority was in the heroic virtues that make life strong and truly blessed.

Dear Mother! I count myself most happy to have known her, and to regard myself as her son. I think of her as she sits by the window in sister Minnie's home, with a reverence and affection not less than I bear for my own dear mother. I thank her too, that, to me, who grew up without sisters and brothers, she has given, in these later years of greater need, such a family circle of brothers and sisters, with sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law, of whom I am indeed unworthy, but for whom, with their children, I feel so strong a household love. May God bless and long spare to us the Mother of us all!

Glens Falls, N. Y., 1891.



“ They are poor  
That have lost nothing ; they are poorer far  
Who, losing, have forgotten ; they most poor  
Of all who lose and wish they MIGHT forget.  
For life is one, and in its warp and woof  
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,  
And in the pattern shows most sweet  
Where there are sombre colors. It is true  
That we have wept. But O ! this thread of gold,  
We would not have it tarnish ; let us turn  
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,  
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know  
That memory is possession.”





## *Proceedings of the Washington County Bar.*

At a meeting of the Bar and officers of the Court, convened at the Court-room on Saturday morning, August 18, 1866, to take action relative to the death of John L. Gow, Esq.; on motion of A. W. Acheson, Esq., Joseph Henderson, Esq., was called to the chair, and Freeman Brady, Jr., was appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been stated by the Chair, on motion of James Watson, Esq., A. W. Acheson, Wm. McKennan and Geo. S. Hart, Esqrs., were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting.

After the appointment of the Committee on Resolutions Alexander Wilson, Esq., spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman :—Perhaps it would be more appropriate that the remarks on this occasion should be made by the older members of the Bar, who have been long associated with the deceased, and can, therefore, speak from personal knowledge of his professional worth and ability. When I came to the Bar the name of John L. Gow was beginning to be associated with the old lawyers who had passed away—with Baird, and McGiffin, and McKennan ; and although he continued to practice, and was concerned with me in the trial of several cases, I could form no ade-



quate estimate of his ability as a lawyer, for he was then in the decline of his professional life.

But there was one quality about him, which died only with his death, and of which any of the younger members of the Bar who were on terms of intimacy with him can speak. I mean the interest he took in rendering them assistance whenever called upon. I believe there is not so little jealousy in all the learned professions as in ours ; I think there is as much kindly feeling among us as in any other body of professional men ; but all lawyers do not feel the same interest in their younger brethren that Mr. Gow did. Speaking for myself, I can say that I never went to him for advice or assistance that he did not give it, not grudgingly nor patronizingly, but as freely and cheerfully as if I had been his own son. It was a pleasure to go to him for aid in the examination of a point of law, he entered so heartily into the question presented, giving you the benefit of his large experience, and assisting you in the search for authorities. Often when I would apologize for troubling him with matters in which he had no personal or professional interest, he would say that it afforded him pleasure to assist me in any way in his power.

But aside from the law, in his social intercourse, Mr. Gow was a kind, courteous and entertaining gentleman. His conversation was instructive, for he was a scholar. He drank from the purest literary fountains. His mind was a store-house of varied reading. Frequently when



I have been at loss for a proper quotation, or the name of an author, I have found him able to furnish it promptly, or turn to the place where it was to be found. In the literature of the law he was well versed. Of legal anecdotes and wit he was particularly fond, and one of his great desires was to compile a book which would contain the finest collection of amusing cases. As a writer he had few superiors. His productions were generally ornate, but his sarcasm though never coarse, was as keen as a scimitar. He delivered many public addresses, and those who knew him in his prime say that he was a forcible speaker, argumentative and logical in his reasoning and chaste in his style.

As an educator he was eminent, and perhaps his proudest monument will be the impress he has left on the public schools of the county.

Mr. Chairman, I loved the man whilst he lived, and now that he is dead I reverence his memory. On the records of the court may possibly be found the names of some who were greater lawyers, of some who were more eloquent advocates, but I doubt if among them all will be found one who was a kinder hearted man or more courteous gentleman than John L. Gow.

Mr. Watson spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman : Intelligence of the death of our deceased brother, John L. Gow, Esq., has brought us again together, to testify our profound respect for his memory, and our sense of heavy loss. He died on yesterday



morning at 3 o'clock, at his residence in this place, in the 69th year of his age. He was at the Bar more than forty-one years, and was the oldest surviving member save one, the record of your court showing that on motion of the late Wm. Baird, Esq., he was admitted on the 24th day of January, 1825.

To do full justice to the memory of our brother his character must be viewed in various phases. As a lawyer he was learned, diligent and industrious, having that great excellence which must belong to every successful practitioner, that he always carefully prepared his cases before their trial. In all his efforts in this respect he had the amplest means at his hand, for he had the largest and best library of any of his brethren. In the purchase of books Mr. Gow never spared expense, for if it would tend in any way to shed light upon the path of his investigations, the book was procured and placed on his shelves.

As an advocate he was able, ingenious and effective, frequently embellishing his speeches with the finest and richest quotations. As a literary man our brother stood deservedly high, frequently reading and quoting from the ancient as well as the modern classics. He was extraordinarily fond of Milton, Shakespeare, Addison, and Byron, and indeed all the standard authors; and in his private conversation, as well as his public addresses, he delighted in drawing copiously from them.

As a teacher he was pre-eminent, whether in a public or private capacity—in the academy, the college or the school



—his eminence in this respect being the fruit of his thorough New England training and education. His was no surface learning. He came not to us with his hands filled with the gleanings of the field, but rather bore in his arms the rich, ripe shocks laden with all the precious fruits of the most valuable knowledge.

As a parent also he shone most brightly. Devoted to his wife and children, his chief delight seemed to be to spend his mornings and evenings in assisting them in their studies, and imparting to them the benefits and blessings of his own thorough education. The fruit of this constant and faithful training is this day exemplified in the walk and conversation of a family which he has left as models for the whole community. Of his devoted wife he might well and truthfully have said, as Col. Benton once said in the Senate of the United States: "I glory in being able to say that I have had a wife whom I never neglected."

A. W. Acheson Esq., said: I cannot allow the occasion to pass without adding my brief tribute to the worth of our deceased brother. He came to reside among us forty-one years ago, and having acquired his legal education elsewhere, was immediately admitted to our Bar. My knowledge of him, and I may say his friendship for me, covers the whole period. True it is, that when he first came to make his home among us, he was in his mature manhood, having attained the age of twenty-seven years, and I was a boy of sixteen, but it was one of the good traits of our deceased friend's character that he



loved the society of boys, and possessed the faculty of endearing them to him.

I cannot recollect the precise time of his advent, but well do I remember the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance. About that period the boys of the town had established a debating society whose weekly meetings were held in the old brick school house contiguous to the Baptist Church. Our deceased brother condescended to seek admission into this unpretending society, and by his friendly advice and criticisms contributed very largely to the pleasure and profit of its exercises. It was there he formed a special friendship for Francis Campbell, the son of one of his greatest predecessors at this Bar, and with myself. Francis Campbell died in early life, but the friendship thus begun between the deceased and myself continued till his death.

I was admitted to the Bar in 1832, though I did not begin the practice of law till 1835. Mr. Gow had then established himself as a successful lawyer. At that period, however strange it may appear to the junior members of the Bar, the legal business of the county, to a great extent, was divided out geographically. Hon. Thomas McK. McKennan, deceased, who had shortly before that formed a law partnership with Mr. Watson, held the entire eastern side of the county firmly in his professional grasp. Thomas McGiffin, Esq., deceased, was the acknowledged king of the south and west. Hon. Isaac Leet was the peculiar favorite of the north. It was in this last region



that Mr. Gow first acquired his strongest foot-hold.

At that time the arbitration system had unlimited sway. Every suit passed through the alembic of arbitration to qualify it for final trial in court, on appeal by the dissatisfied party. In many respects this course of procedure was agreeable to the lawyers. It took them into the vicinage of the lawsuit, and gave them the opportunity of forming extensive acquaintance with the people. The method of travel then was on horseback, and abundant time was afforded to the brethren of the profession for social converse in going to, and returning from, the seat of legal combat.

In 1836 Mr. Leet, resolving to go into political life, having sought a partnership with me, became first State Senator, and then a Member of Congress. I was thus brought into active practice and special antagonism with Mr. Gow. I cannot on this occasion, dwell on the innumerable visits to Hickory, Burgettstown, Florence, and other places in the north, and the many social and pleasant hours we spent together. It was the most improving and delightful part of my professional life, and to my deceased friend am I indebted for many encouraging words, and much well-timed counsel, out of the goodness of his heart given to a junior in the profession. Thus it was, amidst those hours of friendship and professional intercourse, I acquired my knowledge of our deceased brother. He was a courteous gentleman; he was a true friend; he was an honorable opponent, and he was a skilful advo-



cate. In an issue involving disputed facts, he was a formidable antagonist, especially when he had the affirmative and consequent conclusion of the argument. Then it was, if occasion required, he could "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

As a writer his style was clear, pure, forcible, attractive and captivating. Differing from him in politics throughout the greater portion of his life amongst us, in the warm political discussions through the public press on the eve of a campaign, I could always tell out of whose quiver were sped the strongest arrows at our vulnerable points.

As a teacher he was indeed all that could have been desired. It was here perhaps his great strength lay, had he devoted himself unreservedly to literature as a profession.

After all, as has been truly said, it was in his family, where he was best known and most loved, that his character shone forth in its most delightful traits. If his children rise up to call him blessed—as well they may—truly then was he blessed in his life and at his death.

The following remarks were made by Geo. S. Hart, Esq.

Mr. Chairman, were it not that I might have been subjected to the imputation of cold-heartedness, I should have remained silent after the eloquent and appropriate remarks of my brethren who have preceded me, touching



the death of our lamented and venerable friend. I occupied, sir, a peculiar relation to Mr. Gow. I am the oldest member of the Bar, here present, who enjoyed the benefit of his instructions in that noble science of the law, which, in the language of the great Sir Wm. Blackstone, "employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart." During the two years I spent in the office of Mr. Gow, and, I am proud to say, enjoyed his confidence, and was admitted to intimacy with himself and family, he was to me, then very young in years, and altogether inexperienced in the world, "a guide, philosopher, and friend." During that time I learned to love him as a man, and to admire him as a scholar, as a lawyer, and as what we love to call an old-school Christian gentleman.

Outside of his profession Mr. Gow was a man of great and varied learning. Indeed, the versatility of his talent was something wonderful, and led a mutual friend on one occasion to remark to me that he had "narrowly missed being a great man;" for, said he, "had the full current of his mind been turned into one channel, he would have developed what the world calls genius"—the highest intellectual attribute among the sons of men. He was well read in both the ancient and modern classics, and all his speeches, forensic, political and literary abounded in felicitous quotations from those rich mines of learning and literature. In the natural sciences, although



not deeply learned, he was, as the common saying goes, "well posted," while few scholars excelled him in his learning in the higher mathematics. As a professor in our college, which position he filled for a number of years with distinguished ability and success, and as County Superintendent of Schools, he earned a high place in the affectionate remembrance of the friends of classical and popular education.

Socially, Mr. Gow was one of the most genial and high-toned gentlemen it was ever my good fortune to meet. And here let me remark, Mr. Chairman, that one of the most prominent and amiable characteristics of the deceased, in his social life, was his marked and decided preference for the society of young men. Nothing so delighted him as to be surrounded by a circle of ingenuous youths, in whose company he felt himself to be "a boy again." In short, sir; his heart was as young the day of his death as it was the day of his birth; and higher praise could hardly be bestowed upon any man.

As a lawyer Mr. Gow enjoyed for many years an extensive and lucrative practice, in the management of which, as has been well remarked, he displayed distinguished ability, rare zeal and fidelity in the interest of his client, and incorruptible integrity. He always seemed to act as though fully conscious that he belonged to a profession which has always been a conservator of the higher interests of society, and to perform his duties as an attorney in that view, faithfully and conscientiously.

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Hon. John H. Ewing also spoke in feeling and appropriate terms of the many virtues of the deceased, remarking that his departure sundered the last link connecting us with the legal giants of the olden time, among whom he might mention Campbell, Baldwin, Ross, McKennan and others, and exhorting those who remained to lay to heart the lesson of mortality afforded by his decease.

*From the Washington Reporter :*

The following tribute was written by Mr. W. S. Moore, the editor of the *Reporter* :

It is with emotions of no ordinary sorrow that we announce the demise of John L. Gow, Esq., which occurred at his residence, in this place, at 3 o'clock on Friday morning last. Though his declining strength admonished us for the past year or so that the time of his departure was approaching, we were ill prepared for the shock produced by the announcement that his spirit had taken its flight, from this world. In common with his numerous friends we had witnessed, with the deepest sadness, the gradual decay of his powers for months past, but still clung to the hope, vain though it was, that he might yet be, at least measurably, restored to health, and spared for a few years longer to his family and the community. The feeling and appropriate tributes paid to his memory by his brethren of the Bar, some of whom knew him for a much longer period than ourself, and all of whom are better qualified to speak of his worth, have rendered it



unnecessary to dwell upon his personal history. We cannot suffer the occasion to pass, however, without bearing our humble testimony to the high character he sustained as a lawyer as well as his exalted worth as a man. Few men in our community presented so rare a combination of all the qualities which constitute the high-toned gentleman. Gifted with a wonderfully versatile talent, which he had developed by the highest culture, and possessing, withal, great kindness of heart, he was the charm of every social circle, and in all his intercourse with his friends was a model of dignified and gentlemanly deportment.

Mr. Gow accorded to us the rare privilege of numbering him among our warmest and most devoted friends, and the numerous acts of kindness and words of encouragement received at his hands during an intimate personal intercourse of more than ten years, will hereafter be treasured up among our most cherished recollections. Calling to mind the many pleasant hours we have spent in the company of our departed friend, we cannot do better than borrow the language of the Scottish bard in his lament over the death of his patron and benefactor :

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been ;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me.”





















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